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The Language Problem of the Jews

By CHAIM SASS

WHEN the Nazis started their anti-Jewish activities and the German Jews began their exodus from Germany, a leading Polish paper discussing the plight of the Jews under Hitler pointed to the odd fact that the Jews had preserved the languages of those countries which had persecuted them and which had driven them into exile. Thus the Jews in Poland had retained the Yiddish language in spite of the incessant endeavors of the Poles, before and after the Resurrection of Poland, to impose on the Jews the Polish language.

This observation induced the writer to investigate the language problem of the Jews in general with the result that he found a vast territory for his investigations, too vast a territory to be dealt with in one article. He would need to touch, if not cover, a great number of points connected with this problem in its historical, cultural, political, and social aspects, and this is not possible here.

Language, as we know, is something living, strictly connected with the human being as a living entity, something very important for men individually and as a group. It represents a grave problem for all peoples, but for the Jews it is a very complicated problem indeed. Language as a means of intercommunication among men has to express thoughts, wishes, desires in a way to be understood. As the Jews have lived dispersed among almost all major peoples, retention of a language of their own and inability to adapt themselves linguistically to the peoples they had to live with would have meant an impossible isolation. Thus the historical *force majeure* causing them to live among

all the peoples and the biological urge for survival formed the relationship between the Jews and their languages, a relationship which differs greatly from that we know of other peoples. It is worth noting that the Jews as a people speak almost all known languages and the overwhelming majority of the Jews speak and understand at least two languages. Quite a number of them master even many languages.

This phenomenon is not new. It can be traced back thousands of years. On their migrations the Jews carrying with them whatever they had adopted before had to adapt themselves to new conditions. From the linguistic point of view we realize that they brought and retained a number of elements from the places they came from while gradually adopting the language of the new environment. A number of words were de-formed or re-formed while being accepted into their vocabulary, but the main purpose of the language was observed, namely, to understand the surrounding people and to be understood by them. Occasionally they adopted wholly the language of the peoples they lived with, but this depended on the cultural, social, and intellectual relationship between the Jews and these peoples.

It would be hard to trace here all the varieties and changes we can observe relating to the Jews and their languages. We shall have to deal here only with the main languages still used by the Jews as well as with Hebrew as it has become the language of Israel. Although we know for example that the Oriental Jews developed their Judaeo-Persian language, that Arabian Jews retain Judaism in their languages, that in Italy the Jews developed

a Judaized Italian sometime ago, we shall deal with Ladino and Yiddish, and in connection with Hebrew devote some attention to the Aramaic and Greek of antiquity.

Throughout the vast Roman Empire the Jews lived almost in every part. They had spread out in the Western Roman Empire even more than in the East. From the times of Caesar the Romans dominated Gallia and the Iberian peninsula and the peoples there as well as their languages were greatly Romanized. This did not happen in the Germanic countries. There they achieved comparatively little and ultimately the Germanic tribes undermined and destroyed the Western Roman Empire. Therefore in the latter countries of the Empire the German language was retained and not Romanized. So the Jews, who under the Romans and later under the Germans spread out in those countries, had to adapt themselves linguistically to the Germans, whereas their brethren in the Southwest had Romanized their language.

There is no doubt about it that the Jews within the Western Empire very soon lost their own language, whatever it was, after they had settled there, although they may have retained certain elements of it then and now. When they settled on the Iberian peninsula they consequently adopted the contemporary Spanish. When in the 7th century they were expelled from Spain and left for North Africa they transplanted a great deal of Spanish culture into Mauretania. Those Jews who continued to live on the peninsula until the end of the 15th century naturally considered the contemporary Spanish, particularly the Castillian Spanish, as their language. However, they developed out of the Spanish a specific Jewish language, the Ladino. The fact that Columbus' letters were written in Ladino was considered as a proof that he had had Jewish ancestors.

Ladino was a popular language of the Jews, though for literary production the

Jews used the Spanish of the intellectuals and of the cultivated people. The Jews in Spain had no other language and they stuck to it even after their expulsion. Wherever they went they lived among themselves, and the conditions of the countries and peoples among which they had to live following the expulsion did not encourage nor support the adoption of a new language. So they spoke and wrote Ladino. The book: *Extremos y Grandezas de Constantinopla* by Moses Almonismo, for instance, published two generations after the expulsion from Spain was written in Old-Castillian Spanish, the literary Ladino.

As the Ladino-speaking Jews lived for many generations among a great variety of peoples, the Ladino was altered correspondingly. A number of additional elements were adopted, different ones in various countries of the Balkans and around the Mediterranean Sea or in other countries of their dispersion. However, in essence Ladino remained one of the Jewish languages.

Similar—though somewhat different—is the history of the linguistic development of the Jews who had settled among the Germanic tribes before and after the decline of the Roman Empire.

There is very little we know of any literary production of the early and later Middle Ages in German lands the authors of which were Jews, but from what we know of Suesskind von Trimberg and from what we are allowed to assume by studying the early Yiddish literature it seems certain that the Jews in the Germanic lands adopted German as their language at a very early stage. They lived in these lands for many centuries. They had had in fact no language of their own. Thus the adoption of the German language was quite natural. However, they had lived sufficiently isolated so that it was also natural to create a language of their own out of the language they adopted, the Yiddish. They witnessed the evolution of the German language from

its early stages onwards, and while forming their own language they included a number of linguistic elements: forms, words, expressions, and idioms from the Hebrew as well as from other sources. Thus the differences between Yiddish and German originated.

When the great persecutions drove masses of Jews out of Germany the Yiddish speaking Jewry was split. Some Jews remained in Germany, others emigrated eastwards. There the Polish kings and to some extent the nobility accepted them with open arms. But the Yiddish language had already become rooted so that it was unthinkable that the Jews should forsake it, particularly considering the social, intellectual, and cultural situation they faced in the East and the conditions under which they had to live for centuries after their immigration.

The subsequent splits in the eastern Jewry caused the splits in Yiddish. While the evolution of Yiddish in Germany followed the footsteps of the German language, and though the Jews there stuck to Yiddish until the Age of Emancipation, the Jews in Poland-Lithuania adopted gradually elements of their Slavonic-Lithuanian environment willy-nilly. In this way new splits of the language followed the spreading out of the Jews within the Polish "Republic." In the Ukraine a number of Ukrainian words, sayings, and idioms crept into the language just as happened in Poland with Polish elements. In addition changes in the pronunciation of the same words were to be observed similar to those we can notice in the development of other languages. Later on further changes caused by historical events produced new changes in Yiddish. This can be particularly observed after the Partitions of Poland. There was a different evolution to be observed in Austria-Hungary, another in the Russian Pale of Settlement, and another still in Prussia.

Under Prussian domination the Jews had to share the lot of their brethren in

Germany. We know how much some Jews tried to preserve Yiddish in Germany. We know of the efforts of the men round the "Ha-Measaf," of the men like Wolfsohn, M. G. Safir, J. Biedermann, etc., to achieve this end, but all in vain. At that time the Prussians did all they could to Germanize the Poles. While they succeeded very little with the Poles it was much easier to Germanize the Jews. Eventually the Jews in Germany adopted German as their language. It was not too difficult a task, particularly as the Jews hoped to acquire full citizenship and equality by assimilating fully to the German environment.

Just the opposite could be observed in those regions under Russian domination. The Russian officials faced a new problem in acquiring with the Polish lands a great number of Jews. The creation of the Pale of Settlement and the establishment of a community within a community, led to the preservation among the Jews of their own language. Even the Russification policy after Nicholas I with its stupidities and cruelties left the Jewish isolation with all its consequences in this respect alone. To some extent this policy contributed also to local modifications of Yiddish in the various widely scattered communities. There was contact between the Jews and the local communities in all parts. The contact was primarily a business contact; only rarely was there a good-neighborly connection. Thus the Yiddish in Kiev and Odessa was bound to acquire different new elements from those in Warsaw and Wilna. So the result was that ultimately the Ukrainian Jew had difficulty in understanding the Lithuanian or Polish Jew, though they spoke the same language and formerly had spoken the language in the same way.

It was natural to endeavor to prevent splits and to unify the language. This was favored by the development of the Yiddish 19th century literature; but in the language of the common man the split continued and grew, particularly as the

unifying efforts were only partly successful. While the centrifugal tendencies prevailed the unifying factors were too weak to achieve success.

Within the Austro-Hungarian Empire Yiddish remained alive. The Germanization policy of Joseph II soon after the acquisition of Galicia bore some fruit, but not sufficient to eliminate Yiddish. The political situation in that Empire even favored the retention of Yiddish. The antagonism between Poles and Ukrainians, Czechs and Germans, Slovaks and Hungarians, etc., etc., was favorable to it, though much assimilation took place. But only splinters broke away, the rest remaining faithful to the Yiddish. At any rate the Yiddish in this country retained a lot of Germanisms, whereas the Galician Jews spoke a different Yiddish from the Russian Jews.

The mass emigration to England and America caused new changes in Yiddish. First of all, the bulk of the immigrants to these countries came from the Tzarist empire, and thus the Yiddish they imported was chiefly of Russian making. As sooner or later other countries supplied immigrants a new assimilation of the Yiddish had to take place. Secondly, the Jews in Britain acquired other elements than their brethren did elsewhere. Some were "allergic" to certain "isms" and others were not. In this way it was necessary to produce some unifying force to produce a common Yiddish. This was tried. It seems that not much success was achieved, judging from the Yiddish press, Yiddish literature of the present day, and from the language of the common man on the Jewish street. One hears one Yiddish-speaking Jew accusing another of being unable to speak Yiddish, because his opponent does not speak the language he has been accustomed to. Often they cannot understand each other at all.

What language then should a Jewish community choose, if forced to live among themselves as in Israel? Imagine all Jews speaking their native language in Israel;

one can hardly imagine a worse Babel. That which only could be done, they did. Whatever the languages the individual Jews brought with them from the countries of their dispersion, they or their children speak Hebrew. They try to acquire Hebrew as their national language. The revival of Hebrew has proved to be in the words of an old Jewish saying, the medicine sent by God before the sickness arrived.

There have been many objections against Hebrew. There are still many. It is impossible to enter into a discussion of this problem here. However it is worth recalling a few important facts. The fate of that language is even stranger than the history of the Jews. In antiquity the Jews spoke Hebrew for centuries. They had developed it to the highest perfection and created a vast literature. From the Bible itself we gather that only a fraction of the literary production of antiquity has been preserved. There are references to books of which we know nothing now. We know also that a number of books preserved to this day are only fragmentary. The composition of a book like Isaiah proves, for instance, that it had been derived from works now lost. We know also of a number of books which have been preserved by pure chance. We know from the Talmud that a number of books of the Bible were to have been destroyed, and that only a certain way of interpretation saved these books. Finally, it is impossible that books such as the Bible, composed in such perfect language, could have been written by an illiterate people. There must have been earlier books written in antiquity which were more or less perfect, more or less complete, more or less holy. The authors of Ecclesiastes or Job, the Psalms or Isaiah must have derived from a literary background to write their books at all.

Later on, however, Hebrew was supplanted chiefly by Aramaic. From the Bible we find reason to assume that the upper classes had learned and used

Aramaic long before the exile. When the Jews returned from the exile they brought with them—according to a complaint of Nehemiah—"Ashdodith," and they were unable to speak Hebrew. Though this statement may have been an oratorical exaggeration, in general Hebrew appeared to have been dying out as the popular language. A number of non-Hebrew elements crept into literature, although from the Mishna we gather that Hebrew was the language of the learned men for the generations to come. However, even the learned men had to compromise sooner or later. The Gemara typifies this compromise. Therein the spoken language was used, which was no longer Hebrew. The Jews in the diaspora adopted the language of their various environments. We know of the Hellenization of the Jews in Hellenistic countries and we learn from the Talmud that the Jews in and around Palestine used the non-Hebrew languages.

During the early Middle Ages a revival of Hebrew took place. The Masorah initiated that revival. The men who represented the Masorah did a great service in keeping Hebrew alive. But, alas, an important weakness in Hebrew was the lack of vowels. In order to understand the greatness of that drawback let us imagine an English text without vowels, or let someone who knows the Hebrew letters try to read the Torah scrolls or the Talmud without thorough preparation. It was necessary to establish rules and regulations for the reading of texts either in accordance with tradition or based on the judgment of learned men. The trouble was that there was no link between the spoken antique Hebrew language and the Masorah Hebrew. What could be done they did: Hebrew again became a productive language for literature, but in comparing a number of transliterations of Hebrew words in languages with vowels, like the Greek and Latin, it is evident that a number of misreadings have crept in.

However, this did not matter in the rejuvenation of the Hebrew language in the 19th century. It is striking to what an extent this rejuvenation has taken place. Modern languages are far more complicated than the older ones were. There has been a vast increase in the vocabularies in all languages. Linguists usually try to form new words from common roots or to borrow from foreign sources. It would have been easy for the Hebraists to borrow foreign words, but it is amazing how much and well the old Hebrew was used to create new words expressing thoughts and terms entirely unknown in antiquity. The men who did the work had imagination, courage, knowledge, linguistic skill. Only such men could re-create out of old bones a new living body. Hebrew has been re-established and is nowadays a living spoken language in which one can express whatever one wants, technical and scientific facts as well as philosophical thought and modern ideas. It is colorful and flexible, and the nature of its words and grammar enables it to a very large extent to supply all linguistic needs out of its own sources.

Hebrew as a modern language faces, however, immense difficulties with respect to vocalization. Learned men may know the Bible and other books by heart and so be able to read any unvocalized text easily, but we have to consider Hebrew as a language of the people, of all the people. At present Hebrew is mostly a learned, not a native, language. Children born into a language have the advantage of learning it unconsciously. Whatever his intellectual ability every person speaks his native language. In the schools the children acquire at least elementary knowledge, simple writing and reading. Only a fraction of the children have a High School education. Yet no one is completely illiterate after leaving school, while a small number acquire an education of a higher standard. We have to face the fact that when in future Israeli children learn Hebrew as a native lan-

guage, when they go to school and get an education not reaching far beyond the elementary stage, they will be able to read books only vocalized. As most books will be printed unvocalized, these will be either closed books to them or they will misread a great deal. Probably there will be again a split between the learned men, "Talmidei Chachamim," and the people, the "Am ha-ratsim," a breach even greater than it was in antiquity. The mass of the people will be unable to read simple stories like those of Peretz, Agnon, or Schofman, etc., unless there are special prints for them. Double prints, one for the "learned" and one for the "non-learned," increase the price of books, and single prints will limit the number of readers.

Another result will follow the preservation of the un-vocalized Hebrew texts. There will be a lot of misreadings, misinterpretations, arguments, and even quarrels about texts and passages of texts. A powerful ignoramus will more often decide the reading of the texts than a powerless scholar. The Masorah made a number of mistakes, and there were scholars as well as men with the best intentions at work. A doctrine, not clarified by discussion but only seen on paper unvocalized will be read and interpreted often at will.

In order to avoid possible linguistic ills Hebraists should come together and consider this problem with the aim of making Hebrew a really popular language. All modern languages have suffered changes, particularly in orthography. Modern needs should be met by modern means. There would be no harm to the Jewish heritage if an orthography were established which would enable every boy and girl to read papers, magazines, and books from the early stage of their elementary education. It would help the general Hebrew speaking public. It would raise the cultural standard of the people. It would help the writer of Hebrew books and articles, and it would help the Hebrew

publishers. Naturally, learned men and advanced students will continue to study the Hebrew books of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, the Talmud and Midrashim, in their original form. Alas, these learned men have always constituted but a small percentage of the people, and these lines do not concern them.

WILL YOU GO TONGUELESS?

By DANIEL ADELSON

They would rob us of our dream.
We dare not let them.

They would make us greet
Each other grimly—
Mouths shut,
Eyes narrowed,
Silent, empty,
Visionless.

They would have us join
Their screaming.

They would have us deny
Our brotherhood—
Turn our backs,
Point our fingers,
Stop our ears,
Stifle our minds,
And strip our hearts
Of all but
Fear and hate!

They would have us hate—
And life is love!
Life is brotherhood.
Life is last night's dream,
This morning's striving.
Life is our children's children,
And theirs and theirs,
And their dreams.

Will you go tongueless?
Already afraid to
Brave their madness?
What then of tomorrow?
Listen! Your children speak.

Judaism and Democratic Action

By PHILIP RIEFF

I said unto Peter before them all: if thou being a Jew, livest after the manner of the Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as Jews?

PAUL, IN GALATIANS, 2:14

CHRISTIANS have always wondered how Jewish they are. Some have wondered as an expression of their hostility to the Jews. Some have wondered as an expression of their resistance toward the significance of Jewry and Judaism. But western gentilehood has never been free of the question. At various times, each section of Christianity has either accused or stood accused of being crypto-Jews. It has been an integral aspect of the Christian sense of guilt.

Thus the Roman Church has always spoken of the Protestants as being crypto-Jews, accusing Wycliffe and the Lollards, Luther, Zwingli and Calvin, in turn of being too much influenced by Judaism. In turn, Calvin accused Servetus, who may be classified among the great fore-runners of contemporary Unitarianism, and burned him; and Luther accused the revolutionary Munzerites. Too much Judaism: This was the favorite accusation of the Catholics against the English Puritans, and of the Puritans against the Catholics for their ecclesiastical legalism, as well as against the left-wing of the English revolution for their anti-legalism, and anti-clericalism. Zwingli had to deny he had studied the Bible with a Jew. The accusation frightened him so he implored the Jew in question to deny it. Only the Hussites, the revolutionary followers of the Protestant reformer Jan Huss, in

Bohemia, and certain elements among English Puritanism may be said to have taken pride from the accusation of being crypto-Jews. For the rest, to be said to be too Jewish in their Christian faith was as crushing as being called a Red west of the Iron Curtain today, or a bourgeois-imperialist east of it.

Nevertheless; there have been Gentiles, devout Christians, who have insisted upon their intimate connection with the Jews and with Judaism. This has been the case, not only for the Hussites and for the English Puritan of the Reformation periods in European history, and for some curious Scottish and English sects cropping up here and there, now and then, but always persisting, from the 16th century through to the middle of the 19th. It is also the case among an interesting number of people in the United States today. But before one can understand the existence of "Jewish" oriented Christian sects in the United States today, one must understand the predicates of that orientation: *first*; the historical impact of the Jewish literature upon all parts of Gentile culture, and *second*, the special social, political and economic situation of the members of such sects. Having elucidated the predicates of the "Jewish orientation" we will then examine the impact of Judaism on those elements of Gentile society most receptive to it in contemporary society.

I

Rabbi Goldman's massive work on the Old Testament, of which two volumes, have been published thus far, has as a secondary task not so much the elucida-

tion of the texts but the cataloguing of the supreme influence of the texts upon the mind and thought of Western civilization. Western prose style cannot be understood except by a student of the Bible; nor can one understand the temper behind that style. Rabbi Goldman makes the point in overwhelming detail. This is not the place to review the details of the history of the influence of the Jewish Book on the Gentile mind. It is enough to say it has been the central influence. One example will suffice: the impact of the King James Version.

Hebrew, as Professor Crook, a great authority on the literary associations of the Bible has written, translates singularly well into English, better perhaps than into any other language. Any comparison of the Hebrew literary style of parallelism in its English and German versions, for example, clearly indicates the superiority of the English. This is not to say the English translators have been consistently more philologically precise than the German, or others. On the contrary. But the syntax of English seems to make for a more expressive translation of Hebrew poetry than any other.

Nevertheless, the Bible had as much impact, after the Reformation had made it available to every man, upon the Continent as on the British Isles. All politics, even the politics of the Humanists, felt the impact of the Old Testament imagery, of Jewish ethical valuations. All poetry felt the same impact. Neither Genevan government, nor Miltonic poetry is conceivable without the Jewish influence. Men politiked to build the New Jerusalem, and sang to the glory of the Jewish God. When Milton thought of the enemy of the English revolution, he called them "Gentiles" ("Why do the Gentiles tumult?"), when he wrote his magnificent *Sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont* the voice, as Professor Marjorie Hope Nicolson, of Columbia University, has noted, is the voice of Milton, but the voice behind the voice is that of Jeremiah. In-

deed, for Milton, as for the English in general, there is nothing in other cultures and literatures

". . . to compare
With * Sion's songs, to all true
tasts * excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and
Godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his
Saints.

It was not only the educated Englishman, or German, or Scotsman who knew his Old Law, and his Hebrew. It was the pious man, the whole "Secret company of true believers." Class and formal education did not correlate at all with the Hebraism of the English Protestants, as Mathew Arnold and the best of modern scholarship know so well.

This is the final point to make about the impact of Jewish Literature: it penetrated the entire social structure, and thus the entire culture. The world image of Gentile hope is Jewish.

II

Plainly, the rich need not hope so much as the poor. Satisfaction is an adequate substitute for hope. Hope, however, is the bread of the lower classes. The world image of hope, coming out of classical Jewish literature has, therefore, broken with a consistently revolutionary impact on the lower classes. The lower classes, whenever they reacquire a dynamic, religious reorientation acquire it first of all in the frame of the Judaistic image of world hope. The first vital spark of each new religious break-through within Christianity has come as a return to the Bible. The vital spark of protest against the status-quo, insofar as it has been framed in terms of the traditions of Western culture, has first come in terms of a prophetic protest.

Religion, not church-building, but creative movements of belief, is a lower-class phenomenon. Ernst Troeltsch, perhaps the greatest scholar of the sociology of re-

* Milton's spelling.

ligion, made the point, around which all sociologists of religion have to focus some measure, if they are to understand religious experience and movements:

The really creative, church-forming, religious movements are the work of the lower strata. Here only can one find that union of unimpaired imagination, simplicity in emotional life, unreflective character of thought, spontaneity of energy and vehement force of need, out of which an unconditioned faith in a divine revelation, the naivete of complete surrender, and the intransigence of certitude can arise.

A religious movement, first, as a sect, is born, then, out of psychological need and class situation. The rich do not have the problems of the poor, nor can they answer them. A bourgeois scholar-minister cannot talk to a poor Negro congregation. His philological musings, his temperate speech, cannot penetrate the craving for a new Jerusalem, or the resentment of complacency by the religious proletariat.

This is to say: all proletariats are religious. All religions arise out of proletariats. Christianity was itself at least a century in this world before it attracted any significant number of upper-class members. It was at that moment that Christianity became something other than it had been, in sociological terms.

It is, therefore, equally true to say: all religions die when the class that carries that religion is no longer lower. John Wesley, the charismatic founder of Methodism, clearly saw the paradox:

I do not see how it is possible in the nature of things for any revival of religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both industry and frugality, and these cannot but produce riches. But as riches increase so will pride, anger, and love of the world in all its branches.

He saw his own movement beginning to lose its religious integrity, out of the irony of religiously grounded success, much like western Jewry after the Emancipation.

The Methodists in every place grow diligent and frugal; consequently they increase in goods. Hence they proportionately increase in pride, in anger, in the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and pride of life. So, although the form of religion remains, the spirit is swiftly vanishing away.

Wesley's answer indicates the insolubility of the paradox, and the failure of an originally lower-class movement such as Methodism to preserve its religious dynamic. He cannot urge that the movement remain lower-class, although that is the logical alternative. Instead, he asks:

What way can we take, that our money may not sink us into the nethermost hell? There is one way and there is no other way under Heaven. If those who gain all they can, and save all they can, will likewise give all they can, then the more they gain, the more they will grow in grace, and the more treasures they will lay up in Heaven.

Thus a dynamic religious movement inevitably becomes, with its success, a ladies-aid society, remembering its devout ancestors and forgetting the nature of the devotion. There are no historical examples available of the upper-classes giving up their status, or to use Wesley's terms, to "give all they can." Every upper class, to turn Winston Churchill's famous phrase, means to hold what it has. It only gives up what is taken away from it, or what it has learned, in its sophistication, is spurious and unnecessary to its status. Thus, only the lower classes can achieve the basic religious attitude, which is an ambivalence of hope and protest. Upper classes are incapable of genuine religious experience, although it is, of course, possible for individual members of those classes to be so alienated from them as to be capable of genuine religiosity. But this is true only of deviants, not of the typical or ordinary, who are far more important in characterizing the class basis of religion.

In summary: the world image of hope and protest is Jewish. The classes most receptive to that image, most capable of genuine religious experience are the lower. The connection between the Jewish world image and specific strata low in the social structure of Gentile society may be illustrated at almost any period, from the Christological to the present. It may prove more interesting, in an article intended for a general readership rather than one

for specialized students of the problem of Jewish-Christian ideological inter-relations, to illustrate the connection in terms of contemporary religious movements.

III

The Negroes are the lowest class, indeed, a lower caste, in the United States. They are still, on the whole, the most genuinely religious group in the nation, granted the fact that as their status has improved their religion has declined. They fit Troeltsch's criteria for a creative religious movement more perfectly than any other group in the United States. Having a low level of education, the Negro imagination is comparatively unimpaired. The force of need out of despair, and all the other qualities Troeltsch lists, are also present in contemporary Negro life, particularly in the South, though not exclusively so, as witness the store-front churches in Northern urban centers. One other element is present, beyond Troeltsch's catalogue, that makes the Negro's religious experience both genuine and unique. This is his debt to Judaism, and more important his occasional attempt to assert that he is a true born child among the Chosen People, a blood Jew. A Negro sect such as the *Churches of the Living God* may prove significant and interesting example, less well known if no more significant than the better known Negro synagogues of New York City. A second perhaps even less known example of the use of Judaism among dynamic Christian movements will come out of our discussion of the community of Negro religious communists living in rural Virginia, *The Church of God and Saints of Christ*.

The Church of the Living God, Christian Workers for Fellowship is now two sects, the splinter calling itself, after the schism in 1902, the *Church of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of Truth*. There have been other schisms, as in most sect histories, but they are so manifold and complicated that they cannot be

traced in an article that is not devoted exclusively to the scholarly function of documenting religious movements. In any case the schisms are not relevant to our purposes. The relevant statistical statement to make is that the two major groups tally as follows: the first has about 100 churches and 4,500 members, the second 120 churches and 5,000 members. Thus the total membership of this unknown sect of poverty-stricken Negroes is probably greater than the card-carrying membership of the Communist Party in the city of Chicago.

The founder of the sect was the Rev. William Christian, at Wrightsville, Arkansas, in 1889. He founded it after a revelation gave him that divine mission. Indeed, the sect believes its leader can be "neither elected nor appointed, but holds his office by virtue of a divine calling. . . No man has been given power to judge God's anointed." Christian died in 1928, to be succeeded by his wife, and she, in turn, by her son.

The rhetoric of the sect is plainly Old Testament. But the significance of the Judaic quality of the rhetoric is unclear until one examines the catechism of the sect, the basis for the instruction in church and to the young in Sunday school. The passage from the catechism of C. W. F. F. quoted below is a key to understand the religious hope and protest of this group of some ten thousand Negroes:

Q. Was Jesus a member of the black race?

A. Yes. Matt. 1.

Q. How do you know?

A. Because he was in the line of Abraham and David the King.

Q. Is this assertion sufficient proof that Christ came of the black generation?

A. Yes.

Q. Why?

A. Because David said he became like a bottle in the smoke. Pa. 119:83.

Q. What color was Job?

A. He was black. Job. 30:30.

Q. What color was Jeremiah?

A. He said he was black. Jer. 8:21.

Q. Who was Moses' wife?

A. An Ethiopian (or black) woman. Numbers. 12:1.

Q. Should we make a difference in people because they are black?

A. No. Jer. 12:23.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is as natural to be black as the leopard to be spotted. Jer. 12:23.

The catechism speaks for itself. The amalgam of hope and protest that is the *fons et origo* of Negro lower class religion is clearly expressed. But it is not simply that it is enjoined in Jer. 13:23, and is therefore the word of God, that one must not make a difference in people because they are black. It is not simply that this Negro sect draws on its Judaistic source to protest its status and hope for something better. More curiously, it identifies itself with its source. Its own self-image is the image of Jewry, the line of Abraham and David the King.

What could be more curious than for one persecuted people to adopt the fiction that is another's. To be a Negro is tragic enough. To be a Negro Jew is a double tragedy. To be a Negro who asserts, falsely, of course, that he is equally, racially, a Jew seems an ultimate tragedy of irrational behavior.

But the irrationality expressed in the catechism has its own rationale. What is it to be a Jew, in the line of Abraham and David the King? It is to be a living expression of the highest ideals of human existence. It is to belong to the master race, in terms of the history of ethical valuations. The Negro sect, therefore, asserts the fiction of its Jewishness to assert its own dignity and equality, to express its hope and protest, in the myth of its racial history, by identifying themselves with the "racial" image of the dignity and equality of man.

The Church of God and Saints of Christ are an even more clear cut illustration of

the connection between racial protest and the impact of Jewish ethical valuations. Again the sect is colored, poor, southern (Virginia). Again there was a "prophet," who founded the sect after the experience of revelation. This time it was not a Rev. William Christian, but a cook on the Santa Fe Railroad named William S. Crowdy. Again the whole language is steeped in the King James Version of the Old Testament. However, this radical sect protest has been so thorough that it openly insists on two doctrinal points: first; that property be held in common, and that the thousand odd acres of land, the various small plants, the commissary, the school, and the homes for the orphans and aged be operated by and for the entire sect assembled. Indeed, *The Church of God and Saints of Christ* is a Negro Kibbutz, practicing what is believed to be the economic and social injunctions of the Lord God Jehovah.

The second doctrinal point is equally important for understanding the impact of the Jewish world image on lower class groups. The prophet's revelation disclosed to him that the Negro people are really Jews, simply children of the lost tribes of Israel. The pathetic reason that the Negroes have lost contact with contemporary Jewry, according to the doctrine, is that contemporary Jewry is no longer Jewish. The original Jews were black. Modern Jewry has changed color as a consequence of breaching the specific Deuteronomic injunction against intermarriage; that is, modern Jewry is guilty of miscengenation. However, the shoe is on the other foot. It is miscengenation in reverse in sociological terms. It is the Jews who, by becoming white, have degraded themselves. The *Saints of Christ* as Negroes, and true Jews, keep alive the mission and meaning of Jewry.

There is, therefore, great Jewish piety among the *Saints of Christ*. Circumcision is, of course, universal within the sect. The Holy Days are observed with minute pietistic scrupulousness. Thus members of

the sect gather from comparatively great distances to observe Passover for a week. As in ancient Jewry, blood is smeared liberally on the houses at the appropriate liturgical points, and the saints, robed as they think the Jews must have been robed, march solemnly in prayer to commemorate the historic event of the emancipation from Egypt. The Jewish calendar, with its Hebrew names, is used by the sect, without any feeling of strangeness or incongruity. E. T. Clark, perhaps the greatest student of sect life in the United States, and my source for much material here, reports some of the names of the saints: "St. Benjamin Watkins, St. Ethel Mai Tutwiler, St. Joshua Hurt, St. Zebedee Daniels, St. Isaiah Williams." The chief of the sect is called "Grand Father Abraham," the sect newsletter is entitled the *Weekly Prophet*.

Both illustrations might be multiplied by examples from 17th century Scotland, or England. In a few cases noted by sociologists, the American Negro has turned to the Moslem religion for his image of hope and protest. But, on the whole, not only the American Negro but the lower classes generally, wherever the traditional, animating ethic of the western democratic tradition is still operative, have turned the images created by Jewry for its ideology and its model of action. Even Henry Wallace must have thought at times he might, indeed, lead a Gideon's army.

Democratic action is, historically, always an upward thrust toward equalitarianism. Democratic action, whatever its purposes, however false its base, has needed the Jewish world image to give it its dynamic.



Chaim Weizmann

JAKOB STEINHARDT

Courtesy of B. A. Barkai, Director Jerusalem Art Gallery now touring the United States.

The Capital in the Hills

By GEOFFREY WIGODER

TWO THOUSAND feet above sea-level, among the pinnacles of the Judean hills sit the two cities of Jerusalem, the old and the new, completely separate and without intercourse, except for a privileged diplomat, a party of Arabs re-joining their families in Israel, or the occasional convoy to Mount Scopus. The Old City drowns lethargically, except for King Abdullah's Friday visits; the New City is the practical capital of a modern State. The effective barrier between the two is not so much the walls as the centuries.

Three years ago this summer, the tension over the mandatory regime was reaching its peak and the inhabitants of Jerusalem were living in a state of constant uncertainty. Two years ago, the position was no longer uncertain—Jerusalem was besieged, dourly struggling to hold up its head while the relief forces battled closer and closer, with the food convoys waiting to get through. Last summer Jerusalem, victorious but exhausted, was quiet, licking its wounds and complaining that it was being neglected by the rest of the country. Many of its inhabitants had left during the preceding year—some because of the war and some because of the economic necessity of finding work in the parts of Israel that were crying out for labour, instead of remaining in a dead city, for which some of the more pessimistic foresaw no resurrection.

Yet today, Jerusalem is the bustling, flourishing capital of the State. People are flocking to it—some to reside, some to transact business, and many on pilgrimage visits as the Jews flocked to the city

when the Temple was standing. Housing has become a serious problem and gangs of builders are feverishly building new homes and repairing old ones. In the past year, the population has grown from 80,000 to 110,000 and plans are under way to double the present population in the next two years. Instead of being a poor Cinderella-sister to Tel Aviv and Haifa, Jerusalem has become the Princess Charming of Israel to which all eyes are turned.

This transformation has come about thanks to the faithfulness of the government and people of Israel—and especially the inhabitants of Jerusalem, those same inhabitants who defended their city against enormous odds, and kept their businesses and workshops open while shells were bursting all around.

After the hostilities ceased, people began drifting back to Jerusalem—first of all its former citizens who, for one reason or another, had been dispersed throughout the country; and then new immigrants and newcomers to the city. The government appointed a special representative on behalf of the Ministry of Finance and the Ministry of Commerce, with a special mandate to further the revival of Jerusalem's economy. The Jewish Agency opened a special department for the development of Jerusalem. Long-term plans were worked out and set in motion to foster the economic development of the city, to start new industries and to encourage newcomers to settle there. The most important single factor during the past year was the transfer of the Knesset and government offices. Within a few weeks Jerusalem woke up.

To a large extent, Jerusalem's industry must be carefully—even artificially-fostered. Israel without Jerusalem is unthinkable to the Jewish mentality, yet Jerusalem is away from the main commercial and traffic arteries of Israel. Indeed at present, with access to the Old City and Transjordan denied, it is a cul-de-sac. Raw material must be brought to the city, communications (road and rail) have had to be specially built, and an adequate supply of water from the plain laid on. On the other hand, there are certain natural assets including the climate with its comparative-coolness in summer, the sentimental attraction to visitors and tourists, the situation in Jerusalem of the National Institutions—the Jewish Agency, the Keren Kayemet, and the Keren Hayesod—as well as the Hebrew University and Hadassah Hospital; and also a specific Jerusalem tradition in certain branches of industry such as handicrafts and printing. Moreover new immigrants are coming to Jerusalem and bringing with them new industries and new equipment, and there is an air of freshness and youth pervading the New City of Jerusalem these days.

Jerusalem is an incredibly lovely city. In Stevenson's 'Book of Quotations' there is an entry "Jerusalem, see Heaven," which may be considered over-enthusiastic but is at least a pointer! Today its beauty and sentimental appeal are somewhat emasculated, and it is tantalizing to gain occasional glimpses of the towers and minarets that compose the exotic skyline of the Old City, or the spacious elegance of the Dome of the Rock which can be clearly seen from two or three vantage points in the New City. The inhabitant of Jewish Jerusalem is subject to the frequent frustration of coming to a street which is blocked with barbed wire, where on the other side redcapped Arab legionnaires loll disinterestedly. Beyond the Old City, the view is magnificent overlooking the other side of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. In the foreground the green history-

soaked hills of Olives and Scopus, the grey desolate valley by the side of the Old City leading away to Jericho and the Dead Sea—and in the distance the Transjordanian mountains, ever-changing in aspect and colour, which provide the final frame to this majestic picture.

The beauty of many parts of the New Jerusalem can be traced to the use in its buildings of Jerusalem stone, hewn out of the very rocks on which the city is situated. It is handsome and dignified and imparts an illustrious air to many sections of the city. It was a mandatory law that all new buildings of the city must be of this stone and the State of Israel has continued to enforce it.

There is variety, too, to be found in the topography of the New City. There are the new "Holy Places"—David's tomb on Mount Zion, which has taken over the place of the Wailing Wall, as the pilgrimage centre since it was reopened to the public last year; and there is Herzl's tomb on Mount Herzl, a holy place for the modern generation. There are the restful streets of the residential suburbs—Rehavia, Katamon, and Kiryat Shmuel—and the narrow overcrowded slums of the older parts—Mea Shearim and Nachlat Shiva—with their amazing concentration of synagogues; there is the rural air of Bet Hakerem or Talpott, and the wonderful panorama from Ramat Rachel which takes in the Dead Sea and Bethlehem.

Much more than contiguity with the Old City has imparted to the New City a character of its own, a characteristic which the other cities of Israel cannot claim, not Tel-Aviv with its overcrowded uniformity and not Haifa sprawling uncomfortably over the side of Carmel. Even the approach to Jerusalem is something special—the ascent from the dull plains through the rusting ruins of trucks in the gorge of Bab-el-Wad, silent witnesses to the grim battles of two years ago; and then proceeding up through the hills, intermittently dotted with new settlements; up, up to Jerusalem. Millennia of con-

ditioning and centuries of exclusion have prepared us for this journey and account for the sinking feeling of emotion on the first approach to the city (despite the sadly unglamorous—and even ugly—Western section through which one first passes).

Yet even where the city is plain, there is an air about the people. After all, this is the place in Palestine where Jews have dwelt whenever possible. It is the Holy City and that holiness to the Jew is not hemmed in by the walls of Suleiman the Magnificent that surround the Old City. So in all parts of the New City you find the pious and the orthodox Jews—not coming here to die as formerly, but here now to live—working as artisans and shopkeepers, laying sewerage, mending roads, building houses. Beside them are all the other communities—the Sephardim, the Bokharians, the Yugoslavs, the Germans, a few Arabs (most ran away during the fighting) and the “Anglo” community.

Jerusalem is probably the main English-speaking centre in Israel. In Tel-Aviv and Haifa the second language tends to be German, but in Jerusalem, English is heard far more frequently. This is partly a legacy from mandatory days when the British governmental machine was centered in Jerusalem. It can also be partly accounted for by the large role played by the English-speaking Western World in the Jerusalem institutions such as the University, the Hadassah Hospital, and the Agency, whose presence in Jerusalem contributes so much to the atmosphere of the town—especially the University, currently scattered among dozens of minor buildings, but still a major cultural force in the Jewish world.

This autumn the United Nations is due to discuss the plan for the internationalization of all Jerusalem, to which it agreed in principle last year under the pressure of an unholy alliance of Catholics, Arabs, and Communists. From the practical as-

pect of implementation, this plan has already failed—as has, in fact, been admitted by the Trusteeship Council. Israel has countered with a plan advocating the international control of the Holy Places—and nothing more; more than that is unthinkable to anyone who really understands the situation in Jewish Jerusalem. The idea of putting over 100,000 people under a rule to which they object, for the sake of a minor building in one of the suburbs (the birthplace of John the Baptist, which is the sole Holy Place in the New City), the authenticity of which is more than a little doubtful—this is patently ridiculous and unjust.

The Jews of Israel are determined that Jerusalem must be more than just another city; they feel it has as important a role in the present and future as it had in the past. There is a legend that the advisers of King David met to discuss the vexed problem of which city should be chosen as the capital of David's kingdom. The wicked Achitophel rejected the idea of Jerusalem “a place without rivers or seas, a place that has no commerce or craftsmanship.” The faithful Chushai answered “We can develop the commerce, train the craftsmen and build a glorious city.” The prophet Nathan added his argument—the situation of Jerusalem from which could be seen “the Dead Sea spread out like a garment, the Jordan a ribbon of green and the evening sun sinking in the Great Sea to the West.” To this Achitophel replied “And for the sake of a pretty view, you would set us down in this primitive mountain village?” And Nathan answered him “There is more here than can be seen by the eye of the flesh; there is that which can be seen only by the eye of the spirit. From this city of vision, the eye of the prophet can look into the future and see the generations that are yet to come.”

It is for these generations and with a modern prophetic eye that the people of Israel have made their capital in the city that nestles among the hills.

Migration in United States Literature

By ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

MIGRATION has been one of the greatest forces in promoting the progress of the human species. As we look back upon man, emerging from his primitive solitude into family and tribal life, the call to move his habitat must have been a cause of anxious thought and perhaps of consultation. It is not surprising that the Hebrews dated the divine interposition in their fortunes from the command to Abram, in Ur of the Chaldes, to go forth to a land of promise, and the first event of their history the migration of their ancestor with his family and wealth from the region of the great rivers to the near shores of the great sea. The history of all races has begun with migration, and has been affected and frequently ended by the migration of others. Mobility has been the motive force of the advancing human race. After the migrations of great tribes and hordes, driven by hunger or fear, had ceased, the emigration of individuals continued the process, the impulse to move being the test of initiative and energy characteristic of superior persons. It is one of the sinister signs of human deterioration today that artificial obstacles, social and legal, are placed so generally upon the freedom of people to go where they like.

The United States is, in special ways, the product of migration. Its colonial origin has claimed providential direction, in that so much of its early population came from seeking freedom to worship God. Its growth was maintained by immigrants who sought independence of old laws, customs, conventions, and often of restraint and persecution. Ambition for

betterment of worldly position was the motive of a larger number as the prosperity of the country followed upon the discovery of natural resources. This personal ambition was the cause of the movement toward the West which filled the vast spaces of the successive belts added to the country, from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, the Mississippi to the Rockies, and the Rockies to the Pacific. In all cases, whatever the motive, the process carried a screening of the population, in the interest of releasing individual initiative and ability.

Migration had a profound effect on American culture as reflected in the arts, especially literature. Indeed, this country had the unique experience of the simultaneous participation of many races in a common enterprise, intellectual and artistic, in which the contribution of each race enriched the national product. Zangwill's figure of the melting pot is applicable on the spiritual as well as the material level. Even before the Revolution there had appeared a type recognized as significantly and characteristically American. From this native type, mainly Anglo-Saxon in race, came classic American literature, the Concord group of Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne, the Cambridge school of Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, the cosmopolitan writers of New York, Irving, Bryant, Cooper. To these early Americans Emerson addressed his plea for national self-reliance and independence of European models and standards. It is clear, however, that if American literature had depended on the perpetuation of these groups it would have passed into the Indian summer of Howells and

Aldrich (in spite of the admirable ladies, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and Mrs. Wharton) except for the unrecognized genius of Melville and Emily Dickinson. Sterility would have resulted but for the re-enforcement of the migrations, and the development of a new American type of broader humanity hailed by Whitman.

Somewhat as in the later Roman Empire, when the Latins drew military and administrative power, cultural refreshment and social energy from their conquered provinces—Spain, Gaul, Illyria, Greece—America drew strength for great achievement from men and women of Irish, German, Slavic, Jewish, Scandinavian, and African origins. The significant difference, however, is that while in the former case only individuals were drawn to the capital, in the latter case mass movements occurred, bringing individual genius borne upon waves of human life, to beat upon the native American beaches and cover them. The process is more like the irruption of the barbarous tribes—Goths, Vandals, Anglo-Saxons—upon the frontiers, which indeed brought death to the Roman Empire, but life to Europe. The process of re-establishing civilization in the old world took centuries. With the acceleration of forces in the new world it may be expected to be much shorter; indeed the amalgamation is already so far advanced that its results in social unity and national feeling can be tested. And of such tests literature may be taken as a first exhibit.

Among the immigrant races that have contributed to American literature, the first place chronologically belongs to the Irish. From before the Revolution the Scotch-Irish settled in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, furnishing a high example of the values of isolation in developing a community *sui generis* which has been discovered as a source of literary material within the last century. Miss Murfree, writing under the name of Charles Egbert Craddock, first exploited this treasure. Among her many succes-

sors, Elizabeth Robert's *Time of Man* stands out as a classic. The fierce Calvinism of these people, their defiance of law, their addiction to blood feuds, as well as their unbroken inheritance of customs, speech and verse from their ancestral past, make them extraordinarily rich in literary values.

The great migration of Irish from the Southern counties took place in the eighteen forties as the result of the famine that reduced the population of Ireland by nearly a half. The misery of the peasants under alien landlordship caused the continuation of the exodus during the nineteenth century. These immigrants, settling in the growing cities of the north, entered the main streams of American life in every department—labor, business, sport, crime, the professions, religion, politics. The Roman Catholic Church has been the stronghold of the Irish, gaining control of education in the cities; and the susceptibility of the American democracy to personal leadership and organization has given the Irish power in politics, amounting to control in the municipal level. The extraordinary flexibility and adaptability of the Irish, with their Celtic charm, has made for amalgamation with other races, even the original Anglo-Saxon stock; and the American character today bears the stamp of the Irish more than that of any other immigrant race.

Two types of Irish character have always been noted; the one gay, vivacious, witty, the source of much that has been called American humor, and the other melancholy, self-conscious, withdrawn—the extrovert and the introvert. Of the former Finley Peter Dunne in his creation of Mr. Dooley is supreme. Of both types James T. Farrell has given examples in his long novels, the Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill series, but the prevailing mood is of the latter. Especially in his Stud's Lonigan trilogy he has given a study of an Irish middle class family in an Irish neighborhood, with its *mores* ranging from the church to the saloon, the

characters tending toward deterioration. The account of Studs' boyhood with his companions is accepted as a sociological document of the genesis of the gang, and the associations which grow up to play an important part in the American social pattern.

In terms of years the Germans stand next to the Irish. Before the Revolution immigrants, fleeing from the devastated Germany of the Thirty Years' War, flocked to the English colonies and settled mainly in Pennsylvania. The employment of mercenary troops from Hesse in the Revolutionary war left, at its conclusion, many prisoners happy to remain in the land of their captors, who in turn were grateful for this accession to the labor market. The most notable occasion of German immigration was the abortive revolution of 1848. The "forty-eighters" were a great re-enforcement to American intellectual life, providing teachers, soldiers for the Civil War, statesmen and writers. General Carl Schurz was the most distinguished of these recruits to the liberal forces of the country. Like the Irish, the Germans amalgamated easily with their hosts. Coming largely from the Southern German states, Bavaria, Württemberg and Baden, they brought with them a certain cheerfulness, a *gemütlichkeit*, which exercised a tolerant influence on the Sabbath-day integrity which New England was imposing on the Middle West. They contributed to scholarship, to science, to the serious study and practice of politics, and also a strain of humor as different from the Irish as are the dialects in which each wrote. In literature they specialized in serious fiction of large dimensions, of the type to which Theodore Dreiser has given a high place in the world of letters. Like the Irish they have drawn to the United States notable figures from their homeland, of whom we claim proudly Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann as great Americans.

As the Irish rose in the scale of social preferment, their original status was

taken by immigrants from Italy and Poland. These, like the Irish, shared the educational and unifying support of the Catholic Church, and divided political power with the older race. Singularly the most significant contribution of Italian immigration to American literature came through two obscure men, a shoemaker and a fish monger, anarchists, in the old common-wealth of Massachusetts. Sacco and Vanzetti furnished a test of American institutions to which literature responded grandly. Arrested almost by sheer mischance in the hysteria following World War I, they suffered for seven years the persecution of a misplaced judge and an unofficial court of public opinion, to their final execution; but the protest of writers, artists, professionals and intellectuals generally was a reaffirmation of the American spirit. From the admirable defense of Professor (now Justice) Frankfurter to the journalistic novel *Boston* of Upton Sinclair, the case made an episode in American literature which, like John Brown's Raid, remains a bright star in our firmament. Among the younger writers who gathered in this shadow of the state capitol in Boston were John Dos Passos, Paxton Hibben and Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose poem, and especially her essay *Fear*, are memorable. The Italian editor Carlo Tresca, the poet Arturo Giovanetti wrote eloquently, but finest of all were the words of Vanzetti which, like sentences of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, remain a tribute to the opportunity that America offers to the individual to rise from humble birth to greatness of faith and speech.

The Jews had representatives in the colonies, but they became significant in connection with the German migration of 1848. Later, as persecution became murderous with pogroms in the Slavic states, the movement was immensely accelerated, with New York as the "New Jerusalem." The Jews brought with them the qualities of the civilizations which they had recently left, as well as their own intense

racial and religious idiosyncrasy, both fading out as they became assimilated to American life. Their special cultural contribution was a heightened sense of values in the fine arts. As artists and critics they have brought more artistic stimulus to the new world than any other immigrants. Bernard Berenson, the leading art critic today in the world, Leo and Gertrude Stein, are witnesses. The case of Gertrude Stein is significant both for her own achievement and her influence. A novelist of the serious German type in *An American Family*, she has also initiated experiments in poetic style known everywhere. She has influenced American writers as different as Sherwood Anderson, Thornton Wilder, Paul Rosenfeld and Ernest Hemingway. Among specifically Jewish writers, Ludwig Lewisohn stands out as an accomplished man of letters with varied activities. Sholem Asch is among our greater writers of fiction with the theme of the Jewish origins of Christianity. Louis Zara has dealt with Jewish life in *Blessed Is the Man*, a story of the rise of a "greenhorn" to what Andrew Carnegie used to call reverently "Millionairdom." Enlarged by the inclusion of forebears and offspring to the scope of a family novel.

The contribution of the Jews to American literature is more apparent than that of the Irish or Germans because of the persistence of Jewish traditions, strengthened by dispersion and suffering. An instance in point is the existence for many years of the Yiddish theatre in New York, with a complete apparatus of building, plays, playwrights, actors and language of its own, only gradually to be accepted in the common stream of American drama. Jewish writers have been particularly articulate in recording their experiences as immigrants to this country. *The Rise of David Levinsky* cannot be confused with the conventional success story. Its author, Abraham Cahan, rose from the push-cart to the editorship of the greatest of foreign language news-

papers, *The Jewish Forward*, Cahan's three volumes of autobiography are a striking example of Jewish writers to find authentic material in their own experience of migration. Twenty years ago Mary Antin created a best seller in her story of pilgrimage from White Russia to Boston—*The Promised Land*. Ludwig Lewisohn's *Upstream* is a further illustration of this tendency.

The achievement of the Zionist movement in establishing the Jews in their homeland has immeasurably strengthened the Jewish national tradition, but at the same time has created a sort of dichotomy, a divided allegiance, of which Meyer Levin is typical. He has written a group novel of Jewish youth in Chicago, *The Old Bunch*, comparable as a social study to Farrell's Studs Lonigan series. He has also written in *Yehuda* an unforgettable account of communal settlement in Palestine. Finally, in his recent autobiography, *In Search*, Levin has told the story of filming the exodus of the remnant of the Jewish people from the concentration camps of Europe to Israel, all in connection with his own preoccupation to be a good Jew in a world which has need of him.

The Negro occupies a special place in the history of American culture. His coming was a forced migration. He brought with him only a background of barbarism in the dark continent. He was denied participation in the American way of life, first as a slave and then by discrimination and segregation which are only gradually being brought within the possibility of removal. The first breach in the wall was made through his artistic capacity, his genius for song, dance, drama and story. His violent rhythms of jazz in music and dance became characteristic of American entertainment, and his imagination revived the animal epic of the middle age. He dramatized the Bible in his spirituals, and contributed themes to the development of American music. All this is apart from his acquired facility

in the functions of civilization, in science, in business, in war and in public affairs, by which he has proved the innate equality so long and so vigorously denied.

In literature, as might be expected, the Negro has excelled in poetry. There he has had the theme of immemorial wrong and suffering to compel expression. Poetry allied to song is his own field, while in prose he finds himself in the kindred art of oratory. In the former it is sufficient to name James Weldon Johnson, Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps, Countee Cullen, Gwendolyn Brooks, and in the latter Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, W. E. B. Du Bois.

In prose fiction, always of slower development than poetry, the Negro has begun to make his mark in Richard Wright's *Native Son*, a character as real and significant as Farrell's Studs Lonigan. The relations of the Negro to his white neighbors are naturally the most poignant themes in Negro fiction. The personal records of experiences are unusually important in Negro literature because of the tragic character of such material, relieved by faith and courage. The autobiographies of Frederick Douglass', W. E. B. Du Bois, Booker T. Washington, and recently Walter White, come to mind as examples.

Apart from the works of Negroes themselves, the writings inspired by them constitute a library. From the early days of their enforced migration their appeal to the conscience of their oppressors has been a motive in American literature. This appeal at first was largely sentimental in the Abolitionist poets, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and in Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, an attitude now rejected by the Negroes themselves. Later the personal relations of Negroes and whites have become a tragic theme, for example in Miss Smith's *Strange Fruit*, again not fully accepted by Negroes as authentic. A more powerful and intimate presentation of Negro reaction to white is found in Ridgely Torrence's

plays, especially in *Granny Marumee*. The rich humor in the Negro imagination has been a popular resource in stories of the Uncle Remus type. Early used by Mark Twain, it has been developed as a literary theme by Du Bose Heywood in *Porgy* and by Mrs. Julia Peterkin in *Black April* and *Scarlet Sister Mary*, and especially in Mark Connolly's play *Green Pastures*. Among the gifts of the Negro to his ill-deserving exploiters, this of humor is not the least.

Another subject race, the American Indian, although the original native, must be considered one of the foreign ingredients in American literature, where he is chiefly notable for his contributions of material to his enemies. Nineteenth Century fiction, notably Cooper's, is much concerned with Indian wars and massacres. The hopeless struggle of Indian heroes to hold their foes at bay—King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Red Eagle, Black Hawk, Sitting Bull—attracted the reluctant admiration of their conquerors, and battles such as Tippecanoe and Custer's last fight became part of United States history. The poets of New England stock, Longfellow and Whittier, have made largest use of Indian language and legends, the epic *Hiawatha* standing in first place. The Indian, in relation to the cruel white migration, has been a theme of protest by Mary Austin and by Helen Hunt Jackson in her powerful novel *Ramona*. A later phase is the subject of Janet Lewis's *The Invasion*.

It would be too long a story to recount in detail the contributions of other races to the great bulk of present American literature. The Scandinavian element in the Northwest have been given epic treatment by Rollvaag in *There Were Giants in the Earth*, and Peder Victorious, which follow on a grand scale Hanson's similar epic of the land, *The Growth of The Soil*. A lovely story of a Czech girl is Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, a genuine American classic. The Dutch strain appears with Pierre Van Paassen's *The Days*

of *Our Years*; the Jugo-slav in Louis Adamic, the Hungarian in Manuel Komroff, the Armenian in William Saroyan, The Chinese in Lin Yutang.

With this impressive revelation of the part which foreign migration has played in the formation of an American race and an American culture, it is shocking to find the country today in a mood of xenophobia such as appeared in the nineteenth century with the formation of anti-foreign associations and a "know-nothing" political party. The successive restrictions on mass immigration of labor can be attributed to economic reasons, but the exclusion of foreigners on the basis of opinion and belief is a monstrous betrayal of American freedom. The transfer of the Bureau of Immigration from the Department of Labor to that of Justice is a sinister sign. Under the former, the administration was reasonable and humane; under the latter the implication is that every foreigner is a criminal by design who has to prove his intellectual innocence. The family has always been a sacred concept to Americans, but now its integrity is ruthlessly violated by our administration. Once the reading public was thrilled to tears by Longfellow's tale of *Evangeline*; now there are hundreds

of similar tragedies to which the public remains indifferent. At present writing there are the same number of persons under detention at Ellis Island suspected of political or economic heresy and therefore dangerous to the security of the country. Among those segregated or excluded are musicians, artists, students and writers, who potentially are a reinforcement to the streams of influence which have promoted individualism and differentiation in the American way of life. As the older generations gradually become assimilated to uniformity it is right and necessary that new, unusual strains be welcomed to give variety and richness to the pattern. Unless this tendency toward isolation is checked, and America realizes once more the dream of its founders, a great experiment will have proved abortive and a civilization will die.

Justice is the end of government. It is the end of civil society. It ever has been and ever will be pursued until it be obtained, or until liberty be lost in the pursuit.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON:
The Federalist



Ezra Pound and Anti-Semitism

By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

IF WE FOCUS our gaze on Ezra Pound the poet, Pound the experimentalist in language and verbal music and hard sensuous imagery, there *seems* to be little danger of confusing him with Pound the blatant Fascist, pathetic mouthpiece of Mussolini, and Pound the snarling anti-Semite. Yet it is a serious psychological error to break up the human personality into separate and autonomous compartments. In the case of Pound, we must examine the psychopathic quirks in his temperament and the frustrations in his career that finally brought him up on charges of treason and committed him to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., on the grounds of insanity. He was consistent in his hatred of America and his praise of Fascism, and there appears to be an underlying principle of correlation between the Fascist mind and a predisposition toward anti-Semitism.

If Pound early in life manifested all the liberating virtues of the Bohemian non-conformist, he also possessed to a marked degree many of the objectionable eccentricities and even aberrations of the Bohemian. He was insufferably vain, egocentric, emotional in his judgments, extremely individualistic. He was full of cantankerous hatreds. Outside the field of poetry and of criticism that deals with poetry, he proved himself to be ineffectual and badly confused. He simply didn't know what he was talking about. When he ventured into extraliterary fields such as politics and economics, his ineptitude is grotesquely apparent. He offers a pitiful example of what happens to the typical litterateur when he speculates on matters about which he has no competent knowl-

edge. What Pound lacked in logic and understanding he made up in arrogance and violent aggression. He was short-tempered, magisterial, and dogmatic. In short, he arrogated to himself the role of genius, infallible and oracular. When he was converted to Social Credit as the cure-all for the ills of the world—he went so far as to defend this cause in his *Cantos*—his chief concern was with the fate of the poor suffering artist in a capitalist and usurious society. Then came the illogical leap whereby he identified Social Credit with Fascism. The Italy that Mussolini had set in order seemed the new Jerusalem, the just, art-loving, aristocratic society he craved to live in, and Mussolini, whom he introduces into his *Cantos*, became the contemporary hero, the leader to be exalted and admired.

Ezra Pound, the poet with blonde hair and red beard, the expatriate and daring experimentalist, the godfather of T. S. Eliot and James Joyce, has become a veritable legend. But it is only to a future time, when the political passions of our age have cooled, that his role as a traitor and his anti-Semitic outbursts will seem a venial part of his richly picturesque and contradictory personality. He cast the dust of America off his feet, disgusted with its prudery, its vulgarity, its indifference to cultural values, traveled to Venice, settled in London, published his books abroad, launched periodicals and instigated polemics against all that was second-rate and conventional, fulminated furiously against the degenerate spirit of the age, turned to the Middle Ages for inspiration, translated Chinese poetry, generously helped a variety of young writers achieve

recognition, experimented with culture, and then settled in Rapallo, Italy. All the time he was indefatigably busy on a host of projects, turning out many books of poetry and prose, but not confining himself by any means to literature. Then when the Second World War broke out, he became an active propagandist in behalf of the Fascist regime. Though the full text of these broadcasts has not been published, we know in general what they were about. Pound was attacking the malign power of money, the root of all evil, the curse of usurocracy, the leadership of Roosevelt, and especially the insidious influence of Jewry.

Peter Russell, the editor of *An Examination of Ezra Pound* (New Directions, \$3.75), makes light of Pound's aberration in broadcasting these talks and indulging in nasty animadversions against Jews. He prefers to dwell admiringly on Pound's importance as an experimentalist in the art of poetry, the vital creative influence he exercised on a band of younger writers. Whatever erroneous views Pound advanced, they are often, declares the magnanimous editor, but compensatory exaggerations, though this charitable construction fails to consult the available evidence. Pound has never admitted that he is guilty of any wrong, flatly denying that he was disseminating Fascist propaganda. On the contrary, he was speaking in behalf of humanity exploited and enslaved by the damnable power of usury. That is Pound's evaluation of his motives, but it fails to explain why he sided with the Axis powers. The fact remains that he was not only a traitor to his country but also a scurrilous anti-Semite. The record shows that he regarded Fascism "as the best possible under the circumstances in Italy." What mental perversity could have convinced him that Fascist Italy represented a higher stage of civilization than the one to be found in England or the United States? Valuable as is his poetic contribution when judged as a whole, the fact that his later poetry con-

tains derogatory references to Jews is enough to make one question the wisdom of the judges who in 1949 awarded Pound the Bollingen Prize for the best poetry published by an American in that year.

The critics and scholars included in *An Examination of Ezra Pound* are interested primarily in tracing the influences that Pound assimilated and the influence he has exerted on the poets of his time, his revolt against the Miltonic tradition, his poetic style and idiom, his metrical innovations, his critical insights, his borrowings, but what they tend to leave out of account for the most part is the personality of the man who produced these verses and composed these anti-Semitic gibes. What good is literary erudition and skill in verse-craft when it renders a man susceptible to the disease of anti-Semitism? What kind of mind is it that, professing to speak in the name of a glorious cultural heritage, inveighs viciously against the Jews? Who cares what technical innovations he introduced, what gems of classical and Renaissance wisdom he embroidered into the warp and woof of his lines, what Chinese and Provencal texts he translated? There is no point, of course, in proscribing the work he produced before it was infected with the Fascist virus, but there is also no justification for making him out to be a kind of martyr of the arts, the tortured Prometheus of poetry, persecuted by vindictive Jews and narrow-minded patriots.

The poison of racial hatred cannot be fumigated by cautious critical disclaimers. It is even questionable if, as one critic puts it, his errors will seem incidental in the perspective of history. Nothing is to be gained by this "Christian" effort to whitewash his faults and minimize his vices. One critic, Max Wykes-Joyce, declares: "That he is not racially anti-Jewish can be abundantly proved. . . . Among the usurers, however, there are so many Jews; and against that sort of Jew Pound is justly merciless." A Daniel

come to judgment! And Brian Soper asserts that Pound's objections to Hebraism, "despite their violence, are not racial. For him, 'Jewish' is a term of opprobrium comparable with 'baroque,' and defensible on similar grounds. He objects primarily to the Jewish conception of culture, the exaggeration of its sentimental, its 'ventral' interpretation of life. His attacks are confined to cultural values. He believes that Jewish life and art tend to be vitiated by false romanticism, expressed in *Weltschmerz*, or in a characteristically nostalgic millenarianism." This is the sort disingenuous, if not downright dishonest, casuistry we find in *An Examination of Ezra Pound* whenever the question of Pound's Fascism or anti-Semitism arises. What does this jesuitical rhetoric seem to justify? By implication, it serves to defend the policy of mercilessness toward the Jews as an "undesirable" element; it condones the massacre of millions of Jews in Poland and in German concentration camps; it extenuates Pound's love of Fascism.

If these critics had argued that Ezra Pound is to be exonerated of the charge of anti-Semitism during his early years and during the time when he was most active in stirring things up in the world for the greater glory of art, they might have scored a telling point. Though Pound was never free of virulent prejudices of various kinds, his correspondence, as is indicated in the recently published *The Letters of Ezra Pound*, edited by D. D. Paige (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00), makes it clear that he was selflessly devoted to the cause of art. We see him befriend and rush generously to the aid of men like John Cournos, Jacob Epstein, Louis Zukofsky. Though he had the artist's contempt for the bourgeoisie and their obsession with money, there is no overt expression of anti-Semitism until the thirties and forties when Pound became interested in the economic question. If he denounced Christianity as a hopeless mass of obsolete superstition, he could

also say: "All the Jew part of the Bible is black evil." And his anti-Semitic animus is revealed in a letter he wrote in 1933: "I spose that is the yitt coming through."

This is characteristic of the man, his temperament, his outlook on life. In his book, *Jefferson and/or Mussolini*, he arrives at the astonishing conclusion that Mussolini was actually carrying out the policy first formulated by Jefferson—in short, that Fascism equals democracy. This is the book of a bigoted man, a propagandist who praises direct action and has a contempt for democratic theory and parliamentary talk. It is the strong man who makes history, and the only reason why Pound does not advocate Fascism for America is that it has no Mussolini to take over the helm and get things done. In his book on *Culture*, Pound praises Wyndham Lewis for his superior perception in "discovering" Hitler.

It is obvious that Pound took himself and his beliefs with deadly seriousness, and he acted on his beliefs. By the logic of his rootless existence, by virtue of his exaggerated cult of literary genius, he was led into the camp of Fascism, which he hoped would preserve the endangered cultural heritage. Though he befriended a few talented Jews, there can be no question that he detested the Jews and what the Jews as a race represented. His broadcasts to the United States, while this country was at war, are most conclusive on this score. On May 10, 1943, he declared: "The next peace will not be based on international lending, and England certainly will have nothing whatever to say about what its terms are. Neither, I think, will simple-hearted Joe Stalin, not wholly trusted by the kikery which is his master." Later he refers to the Jewish radios of New York, Schenectady, and Boston—"and Boston was once an American city . . ." Again, he speaks of the arsenal of "judeocracy." It is the Jews who dominate the United States, the Jews

who control the world. And yet in *The Case of Ezra Pound*, by Charles Norman, from which the above quotations were taken, Louis Zukofsky declares that Pound never made him feel embarrassed in his presence.

What the literary critics fail to realize is that anti-Semitic prejudice, which is a form of hostility directed against a group, fulfils an irrational function. It represents an emotional disturbance, a psychopathic deviation from the norm of psychic health and personality integration. It is not the objective facts of experiences that predisposed Pound toward hating the Jews, but the pressure of unconscious needs in his frustrated personality. The general mechanism of anti-Semitism inheres in the tendency to project blame upon the outside world for whatever that is wrong with the anti-Semite, who is filled with vague but oppressive fears, a sense of his own vulnerability. Pound's disorganized personality sought to compensate for its inner weaknesses and frustrations not only by a display of exaggerated self-assurance and Bohemian bravado but also by seeking out a scapegoat. Nathan W. Ackerman and Marie Jahoda, in their book, *Anti-Semitism and Emotional Disorder*, declare: "At the psychic level, anti-Semitic hostility can be viewed as a profound though irrational and futile defensive effort to restore a crippled self." That serves to explain Pound's as well as Celine's anti-Semitic mania.

Fundamentally it was the aristocratic principle that Pound exalted and loved, for it at least offered some hope for the salvation of the artist. It was the multitude, the mob, that he detested all his life; he abominated the idolatry of the will of

the people that was basic to the democratic concept. They denied and polluted all that he cherished: beauty that was precious and rare, the seven arts, the rich heritage of the past, scholarship, fine manners, breeding, elegant taste. Was it not the princes, the nobility, who had been the discriminating patrons of the best artists in the past? If culture was today in danger of asphyxiation, it was because of Yankee imperialism, the almighty sway of the American dollar. The inhospitable treatment he had received at the hands of his countrymen, further embittered him, until he developed a paranoiac hatred of America and its ways, its democratic cant, its rule by a majority. And once he had overthrown the democratic myth, once he was convinced of the degradation of the democratic dogma, he was ripe not only for Fascism but also for the hate-mongering obsession that is characteristic of anti-Semitism.

VISIT TO VALHALLA

By HARRY ROSKOLENKO

Marble myths to blood on a hill,
The flushed green running play
Of gardens is warrior and sword,
A column of white to black history.

The autobahn's only a road now
For horses, where blond children cycle
Past Germany's serried haystacks,
Over a hill of dung, to Valhalla.

Schacht's Apologia

By ALFRED WERNER

A QUARTER of a century ago Adolf Hitler, spending his prison term in relative comfort at the fortress of Landsberg, Bavaria, dictated his memoirs to a younger fellow-prisoner, named Rudolf Hess. He tentatively called his work *Eine Abrechnung* (Settling Accounts); years later it became known all over the world under its final title, *Mein Kampf*.

Nazi war criminals now serving their sentences in the jails of the Bonn Republic have learned a lesson from their lamented-but-never-forgotten Fuehrer. They do not waste their time; they write their apologies and memoirs, and have no difficulty in finding publishers both in Germany and abroad. Hans Fritzsche, former head of the official German News Agency, and Chief of the German Radio, was one of the three Nazi big shots who were acquitted at Nuremberg, the other two being Hjalmar Schacht and Franz von Papen. Thereupon a German court order sent him to a labor camp where he spent part of his nine-year sentence. During his confinement he had the privilege of seeing the essays he had written since the end of the war published in Switzerland in a handsome volume, *Hier spricht Fritzsche*, containing more or less the same anti-Semitic and anti-democratic balderdash he broadcast in the Third Reich, though perhaps more cautiously worded.

While Fritzsche has always been a professional journalist, Ernst von Weizsaecker, Ribbentrop's Man Friday, discovered his own literary ability only in the fortress of Landsberg—where Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*. Though von Weizsaecker was responsible for the deporta-

tion of thousands of French Jews to the Auschwitz death camp, he got off with a relatively mild sentence of five years. Yet after only a year and a half in prison he was freed in October 1950 "for good behavior." Nor is the Baron left without means; his memoirs have been serialized in the Hamburg weekly paper, *Die Zeit*, and they are going to be published in book form by the distinguished firm of Paul List, Munich and Leipzig. His literary prestige will be even further enhanced by a forthcoming Chicago edition of his masterwork.

Also at Landsberg is the former SS General, Oswald Pohl. He was sentenced to death a long time ago, but has appealed the sentence, and has an excellent chance of escaping the rope, for Nazi crimes are almost forgotten by everyone but the few surviving victims. Pohl has gained an important friend in the person of the Catholic prison chaplain at Landsberg who vouches for the fact that this ex-murderer is spiritually on the mend. He has even had Pohl's autobiography printed, wherein, under the title *Credo—Mein Weg zu Gott*, the former SS general describes his spiritual development toward his recent conversion to Catholicism.

It is unfortunate that neither Joseph Goebbels nor Alfred Rosenberg can profit by the world-wide royalties from the sale of their posthumously published confessions (*The Goebbels Diaries* and *The Memoirs of Alfred Rosenberg*). But one man who for years shared Hitler's trust and confidence was clever enough not only to out-smart his judges Allied and German, but also to make his literary efforts pay him fantastic dividends.

This most cunning of the dock-sitters at Nuremberg is Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht. He put his talents in the service of Emperor Wilhelm II, President Ebert, and Chancellor Hitler, following a policy of alliance with all, allegiance to none, just as Fouché served under Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis XVIII without apparent scruple.

After World War II he was acquitted by the Nuremberg Tribunal, nabbed by German de-nazification officials, and sentenced to eight years of camp imprisonment. Yet he was luckier than Fritzsche. He did not serve a single day of his sentence, and was highly amused to watch the German courts nullifying their decision, reversing themselves, and again squashing their sentences. On September 13, 1950 a German Court pronounced what seems to be the final word in the matter: "Schacht—not guilty." His old line which he had used many times before did the trick again, namely, his solemn assertion that he joined the Hitler Cabinet merely in order to undermine the Nazi regime "from within."

A little more than a year ago I spent some time in the British Zone of Germany. While there, I found the book stores in Hamburg, Bremen, Luebeck, and other cities proudly and defiantly exhibiting the most recent best-seller, Schacht's *Abrechnung mit Hitler*, published in the form of a tabloid newspaper. A little later it was to appear in handsomely-printed book form. *Abrechnung mit Hitler* was the talk of the towns, and when a young woman reporter on the staff of the *Hamburger Freie Press* offered to introduce me to the author, curiosity prompted me to accept.

The "financial wizard" was at that time living comfortably with his family at an old castle in Bleckede on the Elbe River, about thirty miles southeast of Hamburg. I was first screened by his host, the aged publisher Meissner, whose father, ironically, was the first to put Marx' *Das*

Kapital through the presses. I was then allowed to visit the "German Talleyrand" in his study. In general, journalists are gladly admitted to the Inner Sanctum, which is cluttered with books and adorned with autographed photos of Emperor Wilhelm, Hindenburg, and Kemal Pasha. Schacht loves publicity of any kind.

It was fascinating, in a weird way, to face this tall haggard gentleman, meticulously dressed and urbane, talkative and witty, who looked, not his seventy-two years, but a mere fifty. This was not a stupid little man like Nazi Labor Chief Fritz Sauckel, or a mean pervert like Jew-baiter Julius Streicher, but a man of the world with a scholarly background. Since he is neither stupid nor perverted, his moral guilt is greater than that of most of his co-defendants, even though certain legal technicalities saved him from being hanged. When, during our conversation, I referred to his memoirs (the aforementioned *Abrechnung mit Hitler*), he proudly told me that within a few months well over three hundred thousand copies had been sold. The sale of this poisonous book is restricted to Trizonia; the equivalent in terms of U. S. publishing would be a million copies. This was almost two years ago; now the book in all of its German editions has reached the 400,000 mark.

Meanwhile, royalties have poured in from London where George Weidenfeld and Nicolson have published an English edition, *Account Settled* (translated by Edward Fitzgerald, 327 pp., 15 shillings). It remains to be seen whether any American publisher will follow suit. In a letter to me several months ago, Nigel Nicolson, one of the partners of the British publishing house, wrote, in the typically British manner of understatement, "You probably realize, Schacht is not a popular figure, and the method he chose of writing this book was not calculated to endear him any further." He added pessimistically, "Several American publishers have seen this book, but none so far have been

able to decide on producing an American edition."

It is disturbing to see even so well-informed and progressive a critic as Harold Nicolson (the publisher's father) warmly recommending Schacht's book to the German people, and expressed the hope that "many million Germans" will read *Abrechnung mit Hitler*. Discussing the German version in *The Spectator* (London), this Britisher assures us that he was "delighted" upon hearing that Schacht had been acquitted at Nuremberg, yet "distressed" because this good patriot was, thereafter, "badgered" by the de-nazification proceedings. He endows Schacht with such qualities as dignity, sincerity, and truthfulness, finding even his vanity charming. It is, of course, well known that certain French and American diplomats and politicians have been on excellent terms with the German pundit. But the British seem to have a particularly soft spot for Schacht: in September 1941, when the London *Economist* came out with a statement that German planes had, so far, destroyed property in Great Britain valued at \$480,000,000, the Dexter Trust Company in London issued a pamphlet that included an essay by Schacht. In his preface, the Right Honorable Viscount Mersey declared, "Whatever may be Schacht's nationality and politics there is no question of his exceptional knowledge and ability as a banker and financier; and though there are naturally some tendentious (!) elements in his scheme, these detract but little from the basic value of his propositions."

Whatever Schacht's talents, sober readers of *Account Settled* will, first of all, be stunned by his foxiness. Machiavelli would have been proud of this disciple. "Those who have been best able to imitate the fox have succeeded best," the Florentine philosopher stated, "but it is necessary to be able to disguise this character well, and to be a great feigner and dissembler; and men are so simple and so

ready to obey present necessities that one who deceives will always find those who allow themselves to be deceived."

Deception and conceit usually go together. Schacht almost succeeds in making the reader accept his omniscience and omnipotence as a fact. He also likes to portray himself in the role of a martyr. In 1923, when he was manager of the Darmstaedter and Nationalbank he made a personal sacrifice by accepting the job of Reich Currency Controller: "I gave up a profitable career and a safe position." Actually, he was kicked upstairs into this position by his master, the brilliant banker Jacob Goldschmidt who thus got rid of an ambitious competitor. Simultaneously, Schacht assures us that he would not have accepted the task had he not, by that time, become financially independent (some insist that during World War I this super-patriot had been involved in suspicious financial transactions). "I never wanted to give up my freedom of thought and action. I did not want to be a dependent official but a creative collaborator." Furthermore, "My freedom of thought and conscience were never for hire." Proudly he asserts: "I re-established Germany's currency." Not a single word of credit goes to the Socialist Rudolf Hilferding who, as Finance Minister, was the first to take effective measures against inflation. A megalomaniac, he likes to think of himself as a grandiose magician: "Monetary policy is not an exact science but an art." He knew and knows the answers to everything, but the incompetent and stupid politicians of the Weimar Republic would not support him in his crusade against foreign loans and the payment of reparations; consequently, he had no choice but to leave his position as President of the Reich Bank and join the Nazis.

Was Schacht ever a Nazi? The answer is no. Of course, he lies when he claims that he never was a member of the Party; he was an honorary member paying dues amounting to one thousand Reichsmark

per month. But at heart he never was a Nazi, for he has no heart. Significantly, he omits any reference to the German Staatspartei, a liberal party he had helped found, together with Walter Rathenau and Theodor Wolff, editor of the progressive *Berliner Tageblatt*. There is not a single word about his quarrels with the Nazis in the mid-twenties when they "accused" him of being a Budapest Jew by the name of Hajum Schachtl.

Yet after the Nazis had become Germany's second-largest party, Schacht decided to use them for his own purposes. Together with the industrialist Fritz (*I Paid Hitler*) Thyssen he met Hitler and Goering for the first time in December 1930. He found them intelligent and modest, seeing in Hitler's statements nothing "*was uns irgendwie haette befremden koennen*," nothing "which in any way might have shocked us" (Edward Fitzgerald's version, "nothing calculated to shock us" is somewhat misleading). He liked much of Hitler's program, especially his support of religion and his emphasis on personal values. Of course, there was *Mein Kampf*, but Schacht was less concerned by its sadism than by its poor style, its "rape of the German language."

At the same time he wants us to believe that he entered the Hitler government "as its conscious enemy insofar as it tended to adopt unjust and violent methods." It was largely his public endorsement that made the man in the street cast his vote for the new Pied Piper. It was he who, through more than doubtful financial transactions, enabled the Hitlerites to build up their vast army and navy. Yet he writes: "From the very beginning I was determined that when I took over the Ministry of Economics I would turn it into an effective center of resistance to the excesses of the Hitler regime."

Truly, he "resisted" in his own way the murders of the Nazi era. When, in June 1934, Hitler got rid of hundreds of opponents, without any formalities, Schacht rebuked him for not having at least in-

stituted courts of summary jurisdiction! After the pogroms of November 1938 Hitler proclaimed a gigantic collective fine against all Jews in his realm. When it was found that the money could be paid only if additional banknotes were printed, with Jewish property as their support, "a cold shiver" went down Schacht's spine. Did he sympathize with the victims of the pogroms, then pining away in various concentration camps? No, he was merely worried about the prospect of printing worthless money.

Schacht devotes much space to denying the charge of anti-Semitism. There is no doubt that he never shared Hitler's or Streicher's Judaeo-phobia, and that he often collaborated with Jews. It may even be true that he helped some rich Jewish bankers and industrialists in the early 'thirties. But he is plagued by an uneasy conscience. He found the Nazis' attitude to the Jewish question "undoubtedly extravagant," but he was soothed "by the assurance that Jews were to be granted the same legal rights and guarantees as foreigners." He knew, of course, that the Jews would not enjoy the privileges of Englishmen or Americans living in Germany, but would be pariahs without rights, at the mercy of the Nazis, and unable to make a living. Nevertheless, he preached a "refined" anti-Semitism of his own: "In the interests of the Jews themselves I have always felt that it was a mistake on their part to have striven so zealously to occupy our cultural key positions." Besides, were not the Jews the inventors of racialism? Think of Ezra the priest! Nor do the Yanks have a right to rebuke the Germans on this score; haven't the Americans themselves produced a Madison Grant?

Far be it from us to suggest that Schacht was pleased with the condition in the Third Reich. This over-ambitious, unscrupulous go-getter simply ignored the more sordid aspects of Nazism. When, after Hindenburg's death, the offices of Reichspresident and chancellor were

amalgamated in Hitler's person, Schacht clearly recognized that Hitler thus "set the seal on Germany's development into a despotism." Yet this recognition did not prevent him from serving the dictator for nearly a decade until January 1943 when he was removed from his office as Minister without portfolio.

To explain his allegiance to Hitler almost until the end of the Third Reich he invents a legend according to which he was the only real resistance fighter whom Hitler feared. While he planned how to get rid of the Fuehrer, the Gestapo was planning an attempt on Schacht's life. The only competently organized coup against Hitler was the one he tried to engineer with General von Witzleben, in the late summer of 1938! It failed because of Chamberlain and Daladier, the Wehrmacht, the German churches, the liberal bourgeoisie, and the workers alike. Yet when, in the summer of 1940, Hitler returned to Berlin after signing the Compiègne Armistice, Schacht was the first to congratulate him on his victory. . . .

Schacht was merely an opportunist. From the memoirs of such genuine resistance fighters as Ulrich von Hassell and Rudolf Pechel we learn that Schacht cautiously limited himself to occasional cynical jokes about Hitlerism and a few conversations with underground leaders, yet according to von Hassell, despite his relative inactivity, Schacht in 1944 thought of himself as "the man of the hour" whom the resistance fighters would beg to take the place of Hitler after the killing of the top Nazis had been finished by others. Anticipating questions as to which circle of resistance fighters he had belonged to, Schacht arrogantly declares, "I was my own 'circle.' The others talked a lot and got killed; I kept silent and survived!"

It was his good fortune—in more than one sense—that after the abortive anti-Hitler *putsch* of July 1944 the Gestapo, in a panic, arrested everyone who might have had even remote connections with

the conspirators. Schacht spent eight months in various concentration camps, but was not badly treated. In Dachau he was allowed to visit the Schuschnigg and listen to their radio. In these camps, he claims, he was confronted with the victims of Nazism for the first time. Earlier, he had dismissed as plain propaganda "occasional" stories of physical maltreatment and torturing of prisoners. Naively he complains that before this he had "never met any eyewitnesses, or, what would have been still more convincing, any of those who had themselves suffered in this way." Apparently, prisoners released from Dachau or Buchenwald should have come to Nazi Minister Schacht to present themselves with their emaciated, maltreated bodies.

Liberated by American troops, together with many other important prisoners, Schacht was profoundly shocked when, instead of being freed at once, he was put on the list of war criminals. "Since the autumn of 1938 I had constantly risked my life in the struggle against Hitler. Both before and afterwards I had fought with all the means at my disposal against the war, and now suddenly I was supposed to be a war criminal myself. Slowly I became aware of the tremendous ideological and moral confusion which the Hitler system and the war had wrought in the minds of men of all nations. Whoever had worked under Hitler was an outlaw even if he had fought against Hitler from within as I had done. The pestilential emanations of this man had befouled the whole of his surroundings irrespective of what the individual might have done." Obviously, the Allies should have insisted that he become the head of the Fourth Reich.

Arrogantly he compared the Nuremberg Trials to the medieval Inquisition, where the accused were charged, not with sins of commission or omission, but with wrong ways of thought. But the finest gem in this collection is perhaps this disarmingly naive statement: "The Nur-

emberg proceedings produced no proof whatever that the mass of the German people had any share in the Nazi ideology as defined by the prosecution."

One is not astonished, later in the book, to find attacks on the Allies who made a mess of Germany, on the old Socialist leaders who under the protection of the occupying powers, are trying to recapture their well-paid former jobs, and on the emigrants who, presumably, should have waited for the Gestapo to round them up and ship them to death camps. Schacht is an ardent nationalist who does not even bother to conceal his ideology of *Deutschland ueber alles*.

It is easy to blame all the ills of the past on the dead Hitler whom Schacht calls a political gambler and irresponsible adventurer, a past master in the arts of deceit and histrionics, a daemonic and diabolic genius in invention and organization. Hitler would not have succeeded had he not been able to avail himself of the services of thousands of educated and able "non-Nazis" like Schacht. But now these memoirs are spreading the dangerous legend of Schacht as a brave and true Siegfried who almost succeeded in killing the Hitler dragon.

It is possible that Schacht will again play a role in German politics. Several months ago a high official of the American Military Government in Germany announced that there no longer exists any reason why Schacht—now residing in the British Zone—should not be appointed an official of the West German government. There is even a rumor that Schacht will be appointed president of a German-American bank, soon to be founded for the benefit of increasing financial co-operation between Bonn and Washington. His age is no deterrent; Hindenburg and Pétain were seventy-eight and eighty-four respectively, when they started their nations on the road to disaster. But we are less worried by whatever sinister political role the Sage of Bleckede may play in the

near future than by his words, words that are creating a legend that may damage the minds of millions of Germans, and create confusion even in the democratic countries.

Fortunately, the English have been on the whole not so naive as to accept this ex-Nazi's apologia at its face value. In general, the book had a very bad press. From its title ("One can hardly settle an account with the dead," a critic remarked) to its very last sentence, ("Will other peoples now realize at last that the German nation must be given the opportunity to live?") British reviewers have been sharply critical of this book, whose author makes the misunderstood German nation serve as background to a pitifully misunderstood Schacht.

No reasonable person would deny that Germany has a right to live like other nations, but it is ironic that such a rhetorical plea should come from a Schacht. The reviewer on the distinguished *Birmingham Post* (England) clearly sees the neurotic basis underlying Schacht's statement, "So might a problem child, having burnt down his parents' house say, 'That will teach them not to let me have their sweet ration.' Germany should seek her new leader among humbler and wiser men."



The Tent Worms

By JOHN A. HERMANN

IT WAS almost noon, and Ed, on the way back to the house from his wheat field across the road, cut through the orchard to see how his trees were doing. Walking between the well-ordered lanes, he noticed that all of them—the Jonathans, the Winesaps, the Russets, the Yellow Transparents—were prosperous this year. They were fuller and still growing. Then, on one of the Jonathans he noticed it. There was a small cobweb tent knit around one of the branches. He stopped and bent down the twig toward him. Inside, a mass of tiny, ugly worms, crawling and twining around, were methodically munching the green leaves, attacking one after another, chewing away in their isolated world. He was fascinated by their progress, like a man watching through a microscope bacteria gobbling up live tissue cells. They were incessant, and their silence was uncanny.

They went from leaf to leaf, oblivious of everything but their own hunger. Even while he watched, they dropped from one twig to another and began chewing on the fringes of a fresh leaf. Their fat bodies glistened in plumpness. When he released the twig, it swung back into place as if nothing were wrong.

Of all times. He looked back at the hundreds of trees in the orchard. The leaves lay immobile, shingled down in secret green cones around the trunks. He turned back toward the house. To spray the whole orchard meant the grain on the back forty, already too ripe, would have to lie in the sun another day. He'd have to get Willie, the farm boy who lived down the road, to haul his truck-garden

stuff to town. And Emma, who wanted him to help her with her dahlias, would have to wait. As he passed the barn, he remembered the spray left over from the potatoes that he had saved in an old coffee-can. He hesitated.

Moving the cans and boxes around on the shelves of his tool shop, he found it. He shook the can speculatively, and the spray gurgled and sloshed around inside. Not much, but at least enough for the one tree. He took it with him to the house. He had to go into town this afternoon for the county board meeting, but he'd have enough time when he came home to spray the tree and still to help Emma with her dahlias. She was always propping up her dahlias.

She had not quite finished preparing dinner when he opened the screen-door of the back porch. He washed among the clutter of pots and pans at the sink and sat down at the table. Emma was at the cupboard ricing potatoes. He watched her absently as she put spoonful after spoonful in the ricer and squeezed out the white shreds.

"Found tent worms on a tree in the orchard," he said. "One of the Jonathans."

"Bad?" she inquired without looking up, scraping off the last tiny shreds from the bottom of the ricer with a knife.

"Guess not. After I go to town, I'll spray it. Found some in the barn left over from the potatoes."

"Remember," she reminded him, "you said you'd help me with dahlias."

"I'll help you when I get back," he answered.

She put the potatoes, fluffed into an airy mound, on the table with pleasure. Ed scooped out a spoonful. He pushed it down irreligiously into a hollow well on his plate for the gravy. He never could see why Emma made them prettier.

Finished eating, he pushed his chair back from the table, but still sitting in it, said, "Think I should change my shirt to go to town?"

"You know you should," she answered. "And change your overalls too."

He got up. "The shoes too, I suppose," he said, pointing to his clumsy work shoes.

"The shoes too," she said.

As he backed the model A out the driveway, he thought the engine sputtered. He put in the clutch and raced the motor. It sounded all right. He shifted and started down the road toward town.

Jordon was a prosperous place; not too big, but prosperous. Ed liked it. He had grown up with it almost. He remembered when it was just a wide spot in the road with a church, a filling-station, and a bank. Now, as he drove along its neatly arranged streets, he saw new houses with lawns cleanly trimmed and shrubs along the sidewalks for borders. Later, perhaps, he and Emma would move to town. That is, after he was through farming, through with work. Then Emma could have all the dahlias she wanted. It wouldn't make any difference then.

The business district, too, had new fronts on most of its stores, and a stop-light had even been installed at the intersection of the town.

Upstairs, above the bank, where the board met, the meeting-room was almost filled, the men standing around in groups of three or four. Ed joined one of the groups near the door.

"A new plant," Sam Jorgenson, the barber, was saying; "two different fellows want to buy that property along the river."

"A new plant," Ed repeated. "Fine. What have they got?"

Pete Shaw, the grocer, his hands in his pockets, answered. "One of the guys, I guess, is thinking about a furniture factory. The other's indefinite. He wants the land all right, but he won't say for what."

"That's simple," Ed said; "sell it to the furniture fellow. That seems like a good industry. Should employ men all year around. The other fellow sounds like a speculator."

"Well, we'll see," said Jim Maloney, who owned the long sheds full of lumber on the outskirts of town. "We'll see what this furniture man plans to do."

The little group of Jorgenson, Shaw, Maloney, and Ed dissolved. Ed heard Mr. Lamberton, the school superintendent who was standing by the window, talking with another group of members and he joined them. "It looks very good to me. This same fellow put up a furniture factory in my home town. Excellent affair, they say. Good wages; good working conditions. The market is even increasing. He plans to move his family here, I understand, and make this his headquarters."

Doll, one of the men with Lamberton, said, "Do you think we can get him to come?"

"There's no reason why not," Lamberton answered. "The property's for sale. He's probably got the price we would ask or he wouldn't have suggested buying it."

Ed asked, "What about the other fellow. No good at all, I suppose?"

"Not much," Lamberton said. "I understand he wouldn't say what he wanted the land for, wouldn't show any plans. Just wanted it."

Just then the chairman of the board, Mr. Peabody, a fat man in his fifties, came in with a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Let's get started, gentlemen," he suggested, waving airily toward the table.

When Ed and the rest had pulled up chairs, he began: "The county owns, as you know, some land along the river. Two men have asked to buy it, both from

out of town. One wants it for a furniture factory, and the other I don't know about. Both spoke to me about bringing it to the board's attention. I told them all right."

"This one in furniture sounds all right from what I heard," said Jorgenson.

"Well, it does look like he's got a good proposition," Mr. Peabody admitted. "I've been talking to Mr. Lamberton about it, Maloney, Shaw, and the rest, and they all seem in favor of it. Any questions or should we vote on it?" He hitched up his pants, pulling near the buckle and hoisting the front part of the trousers over his stomach. He pushed in the puffed folds of shirt that hung over the top.

"What's the guy's name?" Shaw, who was sitting at the end of the table, asked.

Mr. Peabody sheafed through the papers before him. "Harris," he said.

The board was silent. One or two of them shifted in their chairs. Maloney, doodling with a pencil across the table, was making curlicues and seemingly senseless weavings on a sheet of paper. He turned it over and began on the clean, white side.

"Well, let's vote," Ed said.

Doll, sitting beside him, spoke. "Mr. Lamberton said Harris would probably bring his family along. Is that right?"

"I don't know," said Peabody.

"Let's vote," Ed said.

Again the board was silent. Shaw at the end of the table shoved his hands deeper into his pockets.

"What's his first name?" asked Maloney. His pencil shifted to a new part of the paper to begin again its intricate convolutings.

Again Peabody sheafed through his papers. "David," he said. "David Harris."

Ed gave his hat, lying in front of him, an impatient shove. "Any more questions, or should we vote finally?"

No one spoke. Maloney crumbled up the piece of paper he had been marking up and tossed it indifferently into the ashtray on the table.

Doll, next to Ed, looked at his hands thoughtfully. "Are you sure Harris is the best proposition? What about the other fellow? Are you sure he's no good?"

"I don't know," said Peabody.

Ed interrupted. "Everybody knows he's no good. You said so yourself."

"How do you know?" Maloney said. "Perhaps he'd be better than this guy Harris."

"In what way?" Ed insisted.

Maloney shrugged. "Who can tell?"

The board was silent. Even though it was hot in the room, they seemed to have settled solidly in their chairs.

"Well?" Mr. Peabody said.

Ed turned to Mr. Lamberton. "Let's vote."

"I don't know," said Mr. Lamberton.

"I don't think we should go into this too hastily."

"What about the other man?" Maloney asked. "What's his name?"

Mr. Peabody sheafed through his papers once more. "I don't know. I can't find it," he said.

Outside a truck ground to a stop at the intersection, the noise interrupting the silence which again had filled the room. One or two of the board members quashed out cigarettes with expert thumbs in the ashtray, shook new, fresh ones from their packs, and lit them, the white paper on the edge shrivelling as the match approached.

Ed pushed out the crease from his hat and then with the edge of his hand put it back again. He spoke slowly. "Let's vote."

No one spoke. Not even Mr. Peabody.

"Perhaps we'd better postpone this until we find out more about it," Lamberton suggested.

Ed looked up. "We already know about it."

"Not too much," Jorgenson said.

"Enough," Ed countered.

"I don't know," said Mr. Peabody. He hitched up his pants again. The silver belt buckle shone as it lay slantingly on the mound of his stomach.

Mr. Lamberton folded his hands in front of him, saying nothing.

"Where they from?" Doll asked.

Peabody went back to his papers.

Ed arose. "Maloney," he said, "what's your first name?" He picked up his hat from the table in front of him with a smile and settled it firmly on his head. "Gentlemen, I shall see you again," and he walked from the room. As he went down the stairs, he heard the tiny sloshing of the spray in the coffee-can.

He didn't hesitate when he got outside, but walked decisively to the hardware store in the middle of the block. When he entered, Frank, the proprietor, called from the darkness in the back of the shop where the tiers of boxes extended to the ceiling. "Hi, Ed. What brings you to town?"

"Board meeting," Ed said as the hardware man came toward the front of the store. "Frank, you know my orchard. How much spray you figure it would take to spray the whole thing?"

Frank said, "What's the matter now?"

"Tent worms. One tree, but just to be on the safe side, I'm spraying the whole orchard."

"You've got to. Once those things get started there's no stopping them."

"That's what I figured," and Ed pushed his old hat to the back of his head in an informal, friendly gesture.

"Well, let's see. That orchard goes from the fence right back to the barn, doesn't it? Say, three gallon; on the outside, four."

"Gimme five. I got to make sure."

Satisfactorily he ranged the heavy pails on the floor in the back seat of his car. That should do it.

As he drove up the driveway past the house, he saw Emma outside puttering with the dahlias. She followed him to the barn, where he stopped the car outside.

"You can get the stakes from the basement," she said as she came up. "I'll be around in front."

"Tomorrow," he said, lifting out the gallon cans of spray from the car one by one.

"Tomorrow what?" she said. She watched him take one after another of the cans from the car.

"Tomorrow I'll help you. I'm going to spray the orchard now."

"The whole thing?" she inquired incredulously. "You said this morning. . ."

"I know what I said," he cut in. He lugged the cans to the back of his spray machine and began filling the tank.

She followed. "Now?"

"Now," he said.

He brought his two horses from the barn and backing them on either side the wagon tongue, began hitching them up.

"It's three o'clock already," she said with asperity.

"I know," he answered, and he went on with his hitching.

She saw him climb into the seat, take the lines, and with a cluck at the team start down the lane toward the orchard.



A Note on the Jewish-American Novel

By HAROLD U. RIBALOW

THAT JEWISH imaginative writing is an orphan of American literature is a legend assiduously cultivated by various Jewish publishers, writers, editors, and critics. Jewish novels and short stories—they say—are unread, unbought, unhonored, and unsung. The publishers point to their piddling sales; the writers to their small royalties; the editors and critics to the comparatively small handful of Jewish novels and their “negative Jewishness.” The over-all result, they claim, is that Jews—who read a great deal—do not read Jewish books and that because the Jewish market is so small, it hardly pays—from both artistic and financial points of view—to devote one’s self to Jewish themes.

The truth of the status of Jewish writing in America is by no means stated accurately by these pessimists. In a survey made by the writer less than two years ago, it was found that Jewish books sold as well as books of more general interest. It should be borne in mind that books on the whole do not sell in grocery lots. A book which attains a sale of 10,000 copies does very well indeed. On this realistic level, books of Jewish content sell no worse than other books. But the theme of this article is not to prove that Jewish books sell. It is to show that there is a constant flow of Jewish books; some of them good, some bad, but all indicative of two facts: that there is a market for these books and that their authors are not always looking for sensationally “negative” aspects of Jewish living.

Jewish publishers, when asked why they sell so few copies of their books, say that there is a small Jewish market,

but they become very vociferous in trying to explain that the trouble with Jewish novels is that the novelists are eager youngsters (when they first enter the Jewish field, perhaps to leave it later) who look for nasty Jewish situations. “How,” one said to me confidentially, “can we sell books on intermarriage, books like Norman Katkov’s *Eagle At My Eyes*?” On the other hand, another publisher said, “How can we publish a novel like Louis Falstein’s *Face of a Hero*, when it is full of dirty soldier talk and sex?” The Jewish publishers are far more pollyanna than most publishers, and yet publishers are far freer in selling frank works of art than are movie and theater people.

The truth is that Jewish novelists, more than ever in the past, are *not* trying to get by on sensationalism, on the kind of material which, a generation ago, made Ben Hecht’s *A Jew in Love* a best seller. Of course, many Jewish novels are poor novels; some may be dull; others may be badly written. But the appearance of a novel like *The Wall* by non-Jewish John Hersey unconsciously raises the standards of Jewish writing on Jewish themes. The fact that non-Jews like Pearl Buck, John Horne Burns, James Maxwell, and other sensitive Gentile novelists and short story writers write on Jewish themes upon occasion makes Jewish writers more careful about their own work. It also makes publishers aware of higher standards than mere “Oriental romanticism,” when they consider Jewish books for publication.

A good example of the trend toward serious Jewish imaginative writing is the list of recent first novels written by

American Jews for a highly varied list of American publishers. It is significant that every one of these novels found a publisher, even when the authors were, in the main, unknown to the general reading public. It is equally encouraging that the books are written largely from a sympathetic point of view; that is, the novelists are not interested in seaminess because seaminess is sensational. They are interested in Jews both as human beings and as Jews who try to live as decent human beings. Except for one glaring exception, these novels are not full of the acidity of Jerome Weidman's Harry Bogen novels, or Budd Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run?* These books are honest without being bitter; they are moving without injecting needless anger. One may read them without feeling uneasy, something seldom possible when one used to read the Michael Golds, Isidore Schneiders, Albert Halpers, and even the Meyer Levins.

Of the more than half-dozen first novels recently published, the one which undoubtedly will rank with the finest books ever written about Jewish life in the United States is Charles Angoff's *Journey to the Dawn* (Beechhurst). Perhaps it is unfair to list Angoff with the initiates, for he has written more than a dozen books, including *When I Was a Boy in Boston*, a memorable group of short stories dealing with Jewish life in America. But *Journey to the Dawn* is a first novel, the introductory volume in a projected trilogy. On the basis of the initial tome, one may safely predict that the trilogy, if and when completed, will stand above nearly every artistic projection of American-Jewish life. *Journey to the Dawn* is a quietly and gently told story, on a broad canvas, of the Polonskys, a Jewish family in Europe which emigrates to Boston. The novelist obviously draws from life, and is gifted with both total recall and extraordinarily warm feelings for his people. What is even more unusual is that his knowledge of Jewish life, both here and in Europe, of Yiddish and Yiddish

idioms, of Jewish religion, traditions, and culture is truly broad. This is not a novelist writing on the basis of second or third hand information, on the basis of tales told by grandparents, or tales absorbed by osmosis. This man *knows* his Jews. That he loves them, understands them, can project the problems of adjustment to America with real understanding, makes his novel one of deep emotion. It is not a dramatic book, but the whole narrative has drama. It has humor, too, quiet and not sarcastic. How a worried Jewish mother, just arrived in Ellis Island, tells her child not to eat a banana because she thinks it is pork, is funny in a sad sort of way. Just as sad, but by no means humorous, is the account of how Sabbath-observers, under the pressure of making a living in a *goyish* land, are forced to work on the Sabbath.

There are in this book all the best things that appear in some of the most memorable past novels on Jewish life in this country. Something of Ab. Cahan's *The Rise of David Levinsky* is here, as well as something of Hyman and Lester Cohen's *Aaron Traum*. The adventures of the children newly-arrived in America are similar, in part, without the stark unrelieved tragedy, to Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*. And the anguish of a Boston depression recalls Michael Gold and other proletarian novelists, but with the pleasant exception that Angoff never grows bitter at America. He understands the woes of the Jews but also realizes that America is not to blame for all of these troubles. Life itself—uncompromising and hard everywhere—is the villain.

Angoff also manages to introduce types of Jews seldom met in American-Jewish fiction: the lodge doctor, the confused intellectual *luftmensch*, who discusses socialism learned from the pages of the socialist Yiddish daily *Forward*; the alte bobbe who is the true Jewish matriarch and the solid foundation on which the family stands; the orthodox Jew who is in agony when, in the midst of a depres-

sion, he yields to forces beyond his control and agrees to work on the Sabbath. Of course *Journey to the Dawn* contains, as such novels must, descriptions of the Atlantic crossing, the effect of a letter from America upon those still in Europe, the amazement at the political freedom in America, which allows even immigrants to vote for the president. There is in *Journey to the Dawn* more true observation of Jewish life in America than in dozens of sociological studies and surveys—which is as it should be when comparing a work of art with facts and statistics.

Two other new novels, both good, contain some of the material to be found in *Journey to the Dawn*. Yuri Suhl's *One Foot in America* (Macmillan) and Joseph Gaer's *Heart Upon the Rock* (Dodd, Mead) deal with Jews very much like the Polonskys of Charles Angoff's novel. Both are far less ambitious in scope, but like the larger volume, are written with love and affection, and with knowledge of Jewish folkways and mores. Suhl's book is really a series of vignettes about a Jewish boy, Sol Kenner, and his father who recently arrived in America. Here, too, one finds the description of the ocean crossing, the gradual Americanization of the Jew. In both books there are stories of hardship and of laughter. Suhl's book is unpretentious and has a fairly clear story-line: the young hero is in love with a girl, never wins her, finds another girl, and aids in getting his father remarried, fairly successfully. Some of the funny incidents (Sol works for a butcher and has his troubles) are not as funny as Suhl thinks they are, but the over-all effect of his book is a pleasant one. Please notice that this novel, by an unknown, was published by Macmillan, one of the largest houses in the country.

Joseph Gaer's *Heart Upon the Rock* is a static novel, a still-life portrait of a corner of European Jewish life which no longer exists. But it is easy to imagine that Angoff's and Suhl's people, were they to know Gaer's people, would under-

stand them as Gaer understands them. How the modern world encroaches upon an orthodox Jewish family, how the revolutionaries in Russia win to their side many young men and women from pious Jewish homes is made clear in this book. It is to at least one reader not an exciting novel, but it is the imaginative counterpart of Abraham Joshua Heschel's *The Earth is the Lord's* a lyric account of a Polish Jewry which idealizes that Jewry and which explains why and how that Jewry was so traditionally and culturally rich and why Jewry the world over suffered so grievously when that section of Jewry was wiped out.

The above three novels deal, in large measure, with the European backgrounds of newly-arrived Jews to America and with their problems of assimilation and adjustment. Sam Ross' third novel, but his first dealing with Jews, *The Sidewalks Are Free* (Farrar, Strauss), takes the story one step further. Hershy Melov, the young major protagonist of this book, was born in Russia, but doesn't remember it. He was brought to the United States as an infant. He sees his parents work hard, he finds that there is anti-Semitism in America, and he works alongside his father in a laundry the father owns and which just about financially ruins his whole family. In part this is a powerful novel, and like the others, is written with understanding and with love for the people in it. Every once in a while the reader who has remembered Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* will realize that there are similarities to it in the Ross novel. It is a curious thing how many basic patterns are repeated again and again in novels dealing with Jewish life in America. The hate which Hershy feels for his father is by no means as deep or as justified as the hate which David has for his father in the Roth novel, but the struggle for existence often engenders unjustified feelings. One knows, in finishing the Ross volume, that the father and son understand each other better and will get along. One does not

have the same feeling at the end of *Call It Sleep*. The battle between the young and the old, sharpened in the crucible of American living, is a constant one, found in all sensitive books on adolescence. That Henry Roth handled it more beautifully than Sam Ross does not undermine the value of Ross' book—and does point up the fact that in many respects the Jewish novels of the 1950's are not too dissimilar both in theme and in spirit from the most memorable books written twenty and thirty years ago.

Even Isidore Rosen's *Will of Iron* (Crown) could easily have been written in the 1920's. It deals with a Jewish family in Brooklyn in the 1920's and describes how Ruth Vestmacher, a woman of strong mind and character, surrounded by weak-willed men, becomes the powerhouse of the family and, in time, its matriarch. The novel is written mostly in dialogue and it contains some fine descriptive passages of the family going to Coney Island; the family losing its grip on life, as individual after individual cracks up under the strain of trying to make money. The death of Ruth's husband, of cancer, is well handled; so is the scene between Ruth and a middle-aged woman who is persuaded to marry Ruth's weak-minded son Irving. But the trouble with this novel is that the people to whom it is devoted scarcely deserve the serious treatment they get. They are dull people, unimportant, both spiritually and dramatically.

Equally dull are the people in Beatrice Levin's *The Lonely Room* (Bobbs-Merrill), but this story of the love of a Jewish girl for a sensitive Italian instructor at Brown University is saved by virtue of its theme and the fact that the novelist introduces the late war and the experiences of Beth Buckman, the heroine, in the women's branch of the Army. Beatrice Levin manages to inject a survivor of Buchenwald who lives to serve in the U. S. Army; the anti-Gentilism of her own Jewish family, which is hardly observant but doesn't want an Italian in the

family; and the girl's own dislike—at times—for her own Jewishness. The novel comes apart at the end when, apparently realizing that there is nothing wrong with being Jewish, Beth decides to marry her Italian lover, who has since married and lost his wife. In spite of its flaws, however, *The Lonely Room* is literate, seriously intended, and well worth reading because of its non-hysterical approach to the problem of intermarriage, although this same issue, one feels, would never come up among the people delineated in the other novels thus far discussed.

Two other novels, which have been gaining a great deal of attention, for entirely different reasons, are Ann Birstein's *Star of Glass* (Dodd, Mead) and Louis Falstein's *Face of a Hero* (Harcourt, Brace). The Birstein book follows a long but dishonorable tradition of books which are devoted to a detailed delineation of hateful Jews, written with venom and, as often happens, with little literary grace. *Star of Glass* is the story of an opportunistic rabbi and his flock. It is as void of decent Jews as Aben Kandel's *Rabbi Burns* and Garry August's *God's Gentleman*, novels dealing with rabbis of a previous generation. Birstein's Rabbi Wax is an unscrupulous, vain, cruel, mean man, without a vestige of spirituality. What is equally significant is that none of the characters who people this book—except for a stock couple, an old orthodox Jew and his wife—are anything but cheap, vulgar little people. It is an irony that the novelist is the daughter of a rabbi and has apparently drawn from her experiences, or her interpretation of them. The book, curiously enough, is dedicated to her father, who probably is genuinely ashamed of her. It isn't because she has written of a "bad" rabbi, but that she has done a badly drawn caricature, both of a rabbi and of people who attend synagogues. That it is possible that such a rabbi exists, isn't in debate. What is, is that her novel is artistically false, on top of the fact that

her characters, practically down to the last page, are horrible Jews. But in any flock of books, one like *Star of Glass* crops up. The germ of Jewish self-hate is still a hardy little germ, and one cannot expect it to be permanently wiped out.

Louis Falstein's war novel, *Face of a Hero* has been acclaimed, and with some justice, as the best war novel written since the end of World War Two. It is the story of a bomber crew, of which Ben Isaacs is a member. Although a novel of the air war, *Face of a Hero* is told from the vantage point of Ben Isaacs, who was born in the Ukraine, who remembers the pogroms in Russia and who feels that Hitler is a living enemy. Unlike the war novels by Irwin Shaw, Ira Wolfert and a score of others who included Jews in their war books, Falstein's account (and it reads more like a diary than a novel) emphasizes the basic reasons for fighting against Hitler. True enough, many of Ben's crew companions are Americans who feel that they have little reason to fight in the war. One says, "If I were a Jew, like Ben, maybe I'd feel like fighting in this thing." Ben, on the other hand, watching his buddies fight and die without really knowing why, says, during a raid (and the descriptions of the air raids are vivid) "I sought desperately for an image that would make death seem meaningful and worthwhile. I recalled a picture of the massacred Jewish children of Kiev, lying eyeless and charred on a heap . . . I recalled the uprising of the Warsaw Ghetto . . . The hated image of Hitler." In other words, Ben knew why he fought. And, elsewhere, Ben Isaacs seems to speak for an entire generation of Americans, a generation which could easily have been the children of the Polonskys in Angoff's book:

I was here because Hitler made me conscious, again, that as a Jew I must assume the role of scapegoat. I had almost forgotten that being Jewish carried any stigma with it, though I had known anti-Semitism and pogroms as a child.

From the age of fifteen when I arrived in America, being Jewish had not stood in the way of my becoming a teacher, of being happily married, of leading the kind of existence that would let me attain my limited aspirations. Only in 1933, with Hitler riding into power, was the old wound reopened.

And, at a moment when Ben is sure that he will not survive a mission, he thinks: "They've killed six million Jews already; this will make it six million and one. The point is: one must act with dignity."

Throughout, Ben Isaacs acts with dignity. It is this aspect of most of these novels which is impressive. The novelists are aware that their Jews are men and women of dignity: Charles Angoff's Polonskys; Yuri Suhl's Kenners; Sam Ross' Melovs, as well as some of the other Jews who people the rest of these novels. It is this sense of dignity which, for example, is lacking in Nelson Algren's novels, in his Jews (he writes of Jews in isolated instances, in short stories), in Gerald Kersh's Jews in *The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small* (Doubleday) and in William Kasner's *The Gambler* (Harper's). But there are many stereotyped Jews in a large number of books which contain portraits of Jews, Jews who appear casually and tangentially through these novels. But what is most significant is that the novels which are entirely Jewish in content, theme, and approach the Jew appears as a human being, with loves and fears, with dignity and without distortion. This is an advance and it should be noted. In any season, let alone year, when novels like *Journey to the Dawn*, *Face of a Hero* and *One Foot in America* are published, no one can say that Jewish-American fiction has diminished in quality. That these novels are published by leading American firms and sold on their merits as works of fiction also indicates that it is unfair to complain about the quality and the chances for success of fiction by and about Jews in America.

THE JEWS and GERMANY—A Re-Appraisal

By KURT R. GROSSMANN

IN THE recent general debate of the United Nations in Flushing Moshe Sharett, the Foreign Minister of Israel, declared that there is only one exception "which his delegation concerning the principle of universal participation in the United Nations has to make. This exception concerns Germany, West and East, as well as other countries in which governments are still ruling which were once allied with Nazism. The people of Israel and the Jews in the world view with pain and apprehension the pace by pace readmission of Germany to the family of nations." Sharett reminded the General Assembly of the abominable crimes which are still not atoned by the German people, and he claimed that Germany's heart has not changed.

A similar position, if not stronger, was taken a few days later by Dr. A. Leon Kubowitzki, chairman of the General Council of the World Jewish Congress, who demanded that the Jews should not have any dealings with "the murder nation Germany." He called on all Jews to leave Germany forthwith and branded the Jews who returned to that country. They have forfeited the right to belong to the Jewish community any longer.

In December last the Executive of the World Jewish Congress published a statement disassociating itself from Kubowitzki's uncompromising attitude. "... In view of the misinterpretations," the statement reads, "which have gained currency on its attitude toward the future of the Jewish Community now in Germany" it is made clear "that the recent Executive Meeting in New York did not feel authorized to come to any final formulation of

policy in regard to this question. Whether a Jewish community should establish itself for good in Germany "and what should be the attitude of the Jewish people" "raise grave and fundamental questions of principle on which judgment can fittingly be passed by a representative Jewish Assembly."

To make it clear that the various factions are as far apart on this question as possible it is added: "Accordingly, any impression that the Congress has come to a final judgment is inaccurate and based on the expression of purely individual views."

Wherever I have gone in recent months both speeches were hotly discussed by Jews everywhere. Some of them applauded, others thought that Sharett and Kubowitzki had gone too far, "because we do not believe in generalization." Not a few stressed the point that some of the returnees are forced to go back for economic reasons, because "the same people who ask them not to return are unable to offer them any position and any semblance of a dignified life for which they are yearning." In meetings of nationwide Jewish organizations the German problem is discussed again and again. If a speaker tries to explain to his audience the facts as they present themselves he is often accused of not having spoken in the spirit of hate and emotion. Only young Jews seem more aloof, trying to ponder the political realities and agreeing with the late Thomas G. Masaryk that "excitement is no program."

Indeed, we Jews should see the German situation in a more sober perspective. Whether we like it or not, we cannot

dispute the fact that the whole German situation has become involved on account of the existing East-West conflict. If the Russians had really lived up to the Yalta and Potsdam agreements many things that have happened in Germany and the policy then followed by the United States could possibly have been avoided. Even Americans like Professor James Pollock, the mastermind behind General Lucius D. Clay, could not have argued joyfully that with adoption of the Bonner constitution, with the election of 404 members to the Bonner parliament and the creation of the Adenauer government "democracy has been restored in Germany."

Indeed, the tragic mistake the Allies have made was to institute a formal democracy in Germany. That must necessarily forbode disaster in a country which was estranged from the democratic process of government for more than twelve years and had but a short democratic experience between the two World Wars; which, moreover, was hamstrung by the growth of an anti-democratic movement and marked with blood and turmoil. It is quite true what a young German journalist told me when I visited Germany in 1948. "The tragedy of the German people," he said, "is that democracy is not growing out of its own resources but is given to the Germans only after military defeat."

In a recent survey which the Institute of Demoskopie in Germany published, the question why the Third Reich came into being was answered by a woman worker: "The Nazis reflected the real will of the German people, while today the parties do not represent the will of the Germans, and therefore will not meet with success and will go down in a continuous quarrel among themselves."

The interest in the process of parliamentary democracy is indeed very modest in Germany. Only eight per cent of the voters know anything concerning the activities of their Bonn representative. Only twenty per cent know the name of

the member of parliament who represents their respective district. People may argue that the situation in the United States is not much better. Germans themselves, however, came to the conclusion that these figures are an alarming indication that "democracy as a whole is endangered."

It is a basic error which many Jews commit to center their criticism on the situation in Western Germany alone. That situation is not pleasant at all. The election result so triumphantly trumpeted over the world by our correspondents of the big American newspapers is not a true reflection of the real sentiment of the German people. The parties with their flexible program do not represent the real opinion of their constituents. The Free Democratic Party, for instance, is considered by the Social Democrats as "the most reactionary" party in Germany because it represents the interests of the big industrialists and concerns. In the election of August 1949 this party in Hessen nearly doubled its total vote by an additional 12.4 per cent, because it allied itself in that territory openly with the National Democratic Party, which is a front for former Nazis. In Bavaria, where reaction is strongest, the Bavarian Party, though with a different attitude concerning unification of all Germany, represents the Catholic elements which still cling to the old Bavarian kingdom and which has rabble-rousers like Dr. Josef Baumgartner as its leader, who is first, second, and third a Bavarian, and nothing else. Parliamentary representatives of this party are now involved in a bribery scandal. In comparison to it our gambling racketeers seem like apprentices. These "honorable" gentlemen were paid for certain speeches with 20,000 Marks each; some whips in the house got 10,000 Marks. The mere voting member had to satisfy himself with 1,000 DM (equal \$250).

The outspoken rightist party, the German Right Party, and the German Party together with about twenty-three splinter

parties are, however, the real danger to the existence of the Western German Federal Republic, and to the peace. These organizations which have not yet attracted the millions but already tens of thousands are based on ideas close to Hitler's. Their spiritual food they receive from such dangerous people as Hans Grimm, a mystic but brilliant writer, and Franke-Griksch, brain-trust of the "Brotherhood"—an organization of former German army officers—who strive to restore Germany to "the brotherhood of Europe." With some exceptions, they advocate, a European union independent of New York as well as of Moscow. Their thinking goes along the lines of men like Otto Strasser,* who declared: "We will speak Russian to the Russians, English to the British and Americans, and French to the French, but in our heart we will remain German and we will enjoy the day when they will kill each other, because then the day of Germany's restoration will not be far off."

Indeed, the consolidation of these forces will be the real danger point, and as Dr. Nachum Goldmann recently said: "Not Professor Theodor Heuss (President of the Federal German Republic) is the threat, not even Konrad Adenauer, but those who will replace both." In this complicated situation looms the German rearmament problem promoted by the United States and bitterly opposed by the French and British. What the revival of the German Army will mean has been clearly stated by Brigadier General J. H. Morgan, who was with the Interallied Military Commission in Germany from 1920 to 1923 and who has written an illuminating book, *Assize of Arms*, in which he sums up:

... We should, now the day of reckoning has come, end the German Army altogether. For between the Nazi regime, with all its abominations, and the German Army, there is nothing to choose. The former is the offspring of the latter,

* Leader of the Black Front (compare *Jewish Frontier*, June 1949, "The Career of Otto Strasser.")

and what the German Army beget once it may beget again. The fundamental mistake of the "Disarmament" articles of the Treaty of Versailles was that they left Germany with any Army at all. The attempt of those Articles to enforce the transformation of the old Army into something different neglected to take account of the fact that a new Army entirely officered, as it was and was bound to be, by the German Officers' Corps of the Army which it was intended to displace would merely preserve the traditions of its predecessor in all their aggressive brutality and thereby only serve to mark time for a military revival.

The report of the Office of the U. S. High Commissioner for Germany more optimistically believes that "up to forty per cent" would probably prefer to remain neutral; and that there exists at the time a clear majority against the revival of a German Army, notwithstanding the fact that opposing reasons are advanced. It is quite possible that the promoters of a German Army, the old professional soldiers, the mercenary elements, might have a field day.

Jews, realizing that in Western Germany itself there are left only 20,000 German Jews and 16,000 Jewish D.P.'s, should come to a more sober judgment on the German situation and—as Sharett did—should not distinguish between West and East. True enough, Eastern Germany where Montequieux's system of division of power is not applied shows less anti-Semitic incidents and less cemetery desecration than in Western Germany. The Communist camouflaged Socialist Unity Party dominating the political scene in Eastern Germany is certainly not its own master. The masters want Germany's reunification in order to rule it. All recent Soviet maneuvers point in that direction. Not a few Germans from the Right are sympathetic and attentive listeners as, for instance, Dr. Gunther Gereke, former Minister of Agriculture and Deputy Prime Minister of Lower Saxony, who recently negotiated with Walter Ulbricht, the real power man in Eastern Germany, a secret treaty concerning agricultural products.

Since the days of Brockdorff-Rantzau,

Walter Rathenau, (Treaty of Rapallo) and General von Seeckt until today to Professor Noack, Ambassador Nadolny, and former Minister Hermes, there has been a powerful clique who believe in an alliance with Russia. The generals who after Stalingrad founded the Free National Committee in Moscow are today the leaders of the People's Police and in other important key positions in the Eastern German administration. McCloy's official report recognizes that "there is, however, widespread popular support for the idea of unification of the Soviet Zone with the area of the Federal Republic."

The recently promulgated Four-Point-Program of the Foreign Ministers of Russia and her satellites is in reality a rehash of the demands of the July, 1943 Manifest and similar declarations of the People's Congress. We should not overlook the fact that Eastern Germany has already a military force of at least 250,000 men composed of: a) units for special assignments totalling 82,000 men, who live in military barracks and are trained in the use of various automatic weapons, tank grenade throwing devices, and modern infantry weapons; b) executive police consisting of 104,000 men which is more or less a normal police force except that it is under the command of a central East German government, and not of the individual state as in Western Germany; c) the frontier police consisting of 44,000 men; d) the secret police force with 21,000 men; and e) the traffic police consisting of 7,600 men.

We should not forget that up to March 10, 1950, there were about fifteen concentration camps in existence where 231,000 Germans were held, among them a considerable number of anti-Nazis but also anti-Communists. 95,000 of the inmates died, 37,000 were deported to the Soviet Union. On March 10, 1950, 14,720 persons were released but 13,530 turned over to the Russians, who still hold 23,000 Germans in custody. We know that the elections on October 15, 1950, were a

farce because there was only one party on the ballot. Though there are only about 1,500 Jews among 18 million inhabitants in Eastern Germany, the latter is even more a danger to world peace and security because its policy is directed from Moscow.

It would, however, be unjust and wrong—and here I differ from Sharett and Kubowitzki—to overlook the fact that in Western Germany there are forces represented by the Trade Unions and the Social Democratic Party, the Center Party (consisting of devoted democrats of Catholic faith), many small cultural organizations, which all try to fight the prevalent dangers, revival of Nazism and nationalism in the West and a Communist coup d'état for the whole of Germany.

The question arises whether we Jews should not in our own interest as well as in the higher interest of peace and security try to encourage these forces. They find expression in some excellent magazines, as Dr. Eugen Kogon's *Frankfurter Hefte*. (Kogon was imprisoned for seven years in a concentration camp and wrote the most comprehensive story of Buchenwald and other concentration camps in his standard work *The SS-Staat*.) There are *Die Gegenwart*, *Die Wandlung*; also there are quite a few good German dailies like *Die Frankfurter Rundschau*. In other words, there are political movements trying to counteract the unfavorable developments in Germany.

It is obvious that these forces are visible only in Western Germany but it can be safely said that they also exist in the East. The question we have to appraise is whether we Jews should not distinguish these Germans whose interest is common with ours, namely to destroy the evil forces which we abhor. Only a few people in the United States, for instance, know that on the occasion of the recent Jewish New Year there were moving and honest statements by H. Boeckler, leader of the German Trade Unions, who declared:

... The New Year is a Holiday of remembrance. Let us remember that in the end lack

of tolerance was and is the cause for the unfortunate development in the world. The German people know from the recent past what it means when faith and conviction of dissenters are disregarded. Twelve years of injustice and violence and their consequences are a bitter lesson.

I am speaking for the German Trade Unions. Many of their members, like many Jews, have experienced Nazi tyranny. The German Trade Unions were reorganized, and they are today resolved to protect freedom with all means. They will do everything in their power to avoid that human beings will again be persecuted because of their faith, race, or political belief.

Kurt Schumacher, leader of the Social Democratic Party—among many others—said:

While irresponsible people again try to incite the German people to bondage and intolerance it is our explicit desire to assure the Jews in Germany that the Social Democratic Party of Germany, and with it the best part of the German population, will fight still more intensively than before the attempt to disseminate the poison of anti-Semitism.

Many responsible Germans are trying again and again to reassure the Jews of two things: 1) That their condemnation of the committed crimes is genuine; 2) that they want to try to see to it that just restitution for Jewish claims should be given. It should not be overlooked that in Berlin, where the Social Democrats rule, the restitution laws are quite tough. I cannot share the opinion of some Jews, who apparently believe that the size of the restitution amounts is an indicator of Germany's good or bad will. I believe, however, that we Jews should not forget for a moment the impending dangers which are acute again in Germany but should also not forget the fact that in the same boat with us are those democratic Germans, many of whom suffered in concentration camps like our fellow-Jews. These forces have found only scanty encouragement from the occupation powers because they belong to another social stratum and—call themselves "socialists," which in the eyes of many Americans is an irreparable crime.

Jews therefore have, in my opinion, to ponder the following questions: (1) Can

they view the German state of affairs from an isolated Jewish perspective, or must the Jews not recognize that this problem is integrated in the complex world conflicts, of which the Jews are as much a part as any other people. Is it possible, therefore, as suggested by Dr. Kubowitzki, to have "Jewish Policy" towards Germany without taking note of the greater dangers emanating from the East-West tensions and the fact that millions of Jews are dispersed in various countries, and follow in these countries their specific political convictions which are not always "Jewish."

(2) Is it not therefore necessary without closing our eyes to the sorry mess Western Germany is in, to evaluate the political danger caused by the upsurge of militaristic forces in Germany, by the fact of rearmament in Eastern Germany and the real unification drive which is promulgated especially from Eastern Germany?

(3) Has the time not come to appraise more objectively and less emotionally the fact that there are some democratic forces in Germany whose encouragement might be beneficial in our fervent desire to help to destroy or to keep down those German forces with which Jews and real democrats alike should never deal?

Though Rosh Hashana messages are certainly not a proof of the moral regeneration of a people, they nevertheless should be noted because they prove that there are in Germany still powerful forces who would repeat the persecutions of human beings "because of their race, faith, or political belief." However, as the same messages prove, there are also forces which oppose them. We should not overlook the fact that there are other groups in the East who are destroying our spiritual Jewishness and who will, for their political ends, unleash the destruction of the last ramparts of freedom. Jews cannot disassociate themselves in that battle which will decide the survival of our civilization.

"Modern Miraculous" *

By CARL H. GRABO

GURDJIEFF's *All and Everything*, the first of three works, each composed of several books, seeks "to destroy, mercilessly, without any compromises whatever, in the mentation and feelings of the reader, the beliefs and views, by centuries rooted in him, about everything existing in the world." An ambitious aim but one in which the author, for one reader at least, is not notably successful, perhaps because Gurdjieff exaggerates the novelty of his ideas and their power to shock.

The book is a satire on man and his history. Beelzebub, the purported narrator, tells to his grandson the story of his visits to earth at several critical periods of human history and his attempts to rescue mankind from their foolishness, in which attempts he has but little and evanescent success. There are occasional pungent comments and droll episodes but as a whole the narratives of Beelzebub are labored and tedious, largely because the style is so extremely heavy and diffuse that the reader has the suffocating sense of swimming in a sea of molasses. A passage taken anywhere at random will suffice to justify the criticism:

The remnants, that is to say, of those holy consciously-suffering-labors which he inten-

tionally actualized for the purpose of creating, just for three-centered beings, such special external conditions of ordinary being-existence in which alone the maleficent consequences of the properties of the organ kundarbuffer could gradually disappear from their presence, so that in their place could be gradually acquired those properties proper to the presence of every kind of three-brained being, whose whole presence is an exact similitude of everything in the Universe.

Whatever of the ancient wisdom of the East or the mysteries of Theosophy lurks in such paragraphs as this the impatient reader is unlikely to extract. The author is pretty well steeped in such lore and seemingly has something to impart but his heavy-handed satire and unfortunate sense of humor pretty well defeat his purpose.

There must have been more to Gurdjieff than these tedious pages reveal, for Ouspensky, his disciple, declares that from Gurdjieff's teachings he derived the hints and the psychological disciplines upon which he bases his own arcane philosophy. That philosophy, whatever one may make of it, is at least clearly presented insofar as its difficult character permits. There is no bungling attempt at elephantine humor and the style is straightforward and concise.

There are but two aspects of Ouspensky's philosophy which can be touched upon here. One is his explanation of matter, and the other of the physical and psychical constitution of man. His metaphysical science, if it can so be called, is beyond criticism in the sense that there is no standard by which it can be checked

* *All and Everything*, by G. Gurdjieff. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1238 pp. \$5.00.

* *In Search of the Miraculous*, by P. D. Ouspensky. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 399 pp. \$5.00.

* *The Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution*, by P. D. Ouspensky. Hedgehog Press, Inc. 98 pp. \$2.50.

and verified. It has a resemblance to chemical science as we know it. Matter it seems is built up of units of prana, the basic energy of the universe, this in various degrees of density, a theory resembling Newton's concept of the ether which in its less active form and in various densities constitutes matter. This element or these elements range in a scale comparable to a musical scale in which the various notes have a definite and measurable mathematical relationship.

This is all very interesting if true but how it can be proved or disproved does not appear. It is propounded as a physical or chemical law. The merit of physical or chemical theory as Western science propounds it is that it can be tested. If in its practical application it works then it may be taken as pragmatically true. The source of Ouspensky's scientific theories lies in the revelations of Gurdjieff and these are flashes from the occult knowledge of the East. Who instituted this philosophy, how was it developed, how may it be tested, and how practically applied? Theosophy, of which this may be a form, makes many similar revelations, speculatively fascinating but dogmatically propounded. Sages or yogis in secret caves in the Himalayas, it is said, know and practice this occult science, are able to move freely in their astral bodies and appear anywhere at will. I am credulous and willing to see one, as likewise an apparition or ghost. Hamlet remarks that the readiness is all but in this type of experience it seems not to suffice.

Ouspensky's psychical experiences in his relations with Gurdjieff and with other of Gurdjieff's disciples are more credible to me and less remote from Western experience. The wisdom of the ancient books as we read it in English translation is often wise and profound. The search for wisdom, for an understanding of the realities which lie behind the appearances of the physical universe, have in Eastern philosophy been based upon subjective study rather than upon physical experi-

mentation and laboratory analysis. In these respects Western psychological study may, in comparison, be primitive and undeveloped. An experimental psychologist of my acquaintance declares that in the sermons of Buddha he finds all and more psychological knowledge than our Western science yet knows.

To the Western reader, therefore, Ouspensky's psychological teachings will be the most instructive part of his work as expounded in the two books under review. The essence of this teaching is the analysis of consciousness and the means whereby a state of objective consciousness can be achieved by those who will practice disciplines to its attainment:

For general description, man has the possibility of four states of consciousness. They are: *sleep, waking state, self consciousness, and objective consciousness.*

But although he has the possibility of these four states of consciousness, man actually lives only in *two states*: one part of his life passes in sleep, and the other part in what is called 'waking state,' though in reality his waking differs very little from sleep.

True consciousness, objective consciousness, we rarely experience. "These glimpses of consciousness come in exceptional moments, in highly emotional states, in moments of danger, in very new and unexpected circumstances and situations; or sometimes in quite ordinary moments when nothing in particular happens. But in his ordinary or 'normal' state, man has no control over them whatever."

It is Ouspensky's contention that by employing the proper disciplines it is possible to become "truly conscious" to "acquire control of consciousness" and thus come truly alive. Only so do we attain individuality and the possibility of survival after our bodily death. Otherwise we are no more than robots, the helpless victims of circumstance devoid of free will, metal to be slagged by the "button moulder death" as characterized by Ibsen in *Peer Gynt*.

The methods by which, in self-study,

true consciousness can be attained, are not unfamiliar to those who have read of yoga disciplines. That they have merit various Europeans and other Westerners will attest. A. E. the Irish poet in *The Candle of Vision* records his own experiences, an impressive and fascinating account. That A. E. was a man of unusual psychical powers is evident, powers far beyond those of most of us. And it is true, also, that everyone has experienced those moments of awareness which far transcend our usual states of consciousness, our habitual unperceptiveness.

There is, however, one aspect of the thought both of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky which the Western reader brought up in the Christian tradition will find not to his liking. Neither of these philosophers has much use for the "blind driven cattle" of common humanity. Most of mankind are incapable of self-development. They cannot attain objective consciousness, are no more than machines, and are doomed to extinction. There have been and are Christian sectarians so concerned with their individual salvation as to be indifferent to the fate of others. Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*, it is reported, next to his own salvation rejoiced in that of his wife and children. Browning in one of his dramatic monologues depicts one of the saved as deriving his chief pleasure in Heaven from contemplating the torments of the damned.

Such perversions of Christian beliefs must appeal only to those of sadistic mind. And indifference to the fate of the masses of men is but a shade better than pleasure taken in their destruction. If Gurdjieff and Ouspensky are Theosophists—which fact does not clearly appear—they do not

agree wholly with others of that sect. The school of Theosophy with whose work I have a slight acquaintance damns no one to destruction. Progress may be slow in the individual instance but ultimately salvation is attained even though reincarnation may be necessitated many times before achieving liberation to a higher plane. The rate of its advancement depends upon the individual effort. But it is the law of the universe that evolve men must, however slowly. Such a philosophy satisfies our sense of rightness and appeals to the heart, whereas the intellectual snobbery and pharisaism of cults indifferent to the fate of the mass leave us cold.

In this respect the books under review seem to me deficient. A philosophy should appeal not only to the mind but to the heart if it is to be acceptable.

. . . We ought to be afraid of some things. We ought to be afraid of being stupid and unjust. We are told that we must be afraid of Russia, yet we are busily engaged in adopting the most stupid and unjust of the ideas prevalent in Russia, and are doing so in the name of Americanism. The worst Russian ideas are the police state, the abolition of freedom of speech, thought, and association, and the notion that the individual exists for the state. These ideas are the basis of the cleavage between East and West.

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West Coast Letter

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

BULGING WITH NEW POPULATION, booming with war production, its ports crowded and its industries extended, the west coast is once again the nerve center of the nation. The tensions caused by rapid growth would alone make the region mildly neurotic but, facing the Pacific as it does, it is charged with conflicting purposes. Sensitive to the war in the Pacific, it is yet strangely indifferent to the consequences of a third World War which, if it comes, will find the west coast a major and vulnerable target.

Certain west coast tensions have already begun to find expression in traditional scapegoat patterns. For example, the west coast Chinatowns have reported numerous recent disturbances: cafe owners and shopkeepers have been bothered by drunks and troublemakers who invade Chinatown "to get these Chinese commies," as they say. The resident Chinese are naturally upset by these incidents since they remember all too well what happened to the west coast Japanese in 1942. Like the Japanese, however, they have no sense of strategy. Instead of seeking out their natural allies, they beat their breasts, wave the American flag, and form pro-nationalist, that is, pro-Chiang Kai-shek organizations. It is distressing, also, to witness the lack of any real solidarity among the Chinese,

as they surely are, with a major crisis. Recently, for example, three Chinese-American Christian ministers held a press conference in which they emphasized that not more than 2 per cent of the 10,000 Chinese in Los Angeles were sympathetic with Red China. But the reporters had hardly jotted this statement down in their notes when the ministers went on to accuse most of the 20,000 Chinese in San Francisco of being pro-Communist! This childish attempt to deflect prejudice from Los Angeles to San Francisco Chinese would be amusing if the possible consequences were not so serious. As yet no organized movement to oust the Chinese has been formed but it would not take much in the way of provocation to touch off such a movement.

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YUSIF EL-BANDAK, general secretary of the "Holy Land Christian Committee," has been speaking in Los Angeles before various churches. His subject: the terrible plight of the "Christians" in Palestine. One of his appearances was before the forum sponsored by the First Congregational Church (Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr.). At this meeting, which was broadcast, Gerald L. K. Smith sat in the front row and applauded practically everything

Mr. El-Bandak said. "After the meeting was over," writes an investigator, "many people lingered as the atmosphere was rather tense. I heard no discussion of ways and means to help the unfortunate Christians in Bethlehem, the avowed purpose of the organization. There was, however, a great deal said about the Jew and the woe he has brought to Palestine."

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FRIENDS OF PUBLIC EDUCATION in America should be interested in my report on the shabby plot which resulted in the ouster of Dr. Willard Goslin as superintendent of the Pasadena schools (see: *The Christian Century*, January 3, 1951). I told a little, but only a little, in this report about the key role which the State Senate Education Committee played in the plot and of how it was used to pressure the school board. There is much more to be told as these notes will indicate. During a four-day hearing conducted in the City Hall, the State Senate Committee put on a performance that many thoughtful Pasadenans could hardly accept as possible; from first to last the hearing bordered on the fantastic. For example, the editor of a local smear-sheet was permitted to direct, from the witness stand, as an "expert," a 45-minute attack on Dr. Linus Pauling, one of the world's most distinguished chemists, a member of the faculty of the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Pauling was denounced as "tricky," "sneaky," "stupid," "ignorant," and "insolent." Senator Hugh Donnelly, a member of the committee, later took the press to task because one newspaper had printed "too much" of Dr. Pauling's testimony; this, he said, was a waste of space. (Dr. Pauling had outlined his opposition to loyalty oaths). The paper singled out for criticism then proceeded to publish an editorial in which the publishers proclaimed their "loyalty" and "patriotism!" That a legislator can thus "red-bait" a powerful metropolitan

newspaper is some measure of the extent to which we have fallen for the Manichean heresy.

Among the other witnesses called by the committee was Dr. Wheaton H. Brewer of the Sons of the American Revolution. Dr. Brewer complained that "immoral" textbooks on "sex" were being used in the schools; that the Bureau of Inter-Cultural Education, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the UNESCO Commission on Education (Dr. Goslin is a member of all three organizations) are "subversive;" and then denounced the film, "The Brotherhood of Man," as a piece of Communist-inspired propaganda. "I believe in tolerance," testified Dr. Brewer; "I do not believe in anti-intolerance." The kind of "tolerance" in which this Manichean believes may be illustrated by his curious attitude toward the pamphlets of Allen Zoll which had been widely used in the campaign to get Goslin. When his attention was called to Zoll's anti-Semitic record, Dr. Brewer replied: "An interesting thing is that most of the people who call Zoll a fascist are listed by the Un-American Activities Committee." This statement almost adds up to an endorsement of Zoll. Brewer also insisted that the entire "inter-cultural" program was subversive and that it should be driven from the schools. It so happens, of course, that the film "The Brotherhood of Man," was produced by the Education Department of the U. A. W. and Brewer's testimony brought an amusingly indignant wire from the stoutly anti-Communist, Victor G. Reuther. Even the National Conference of Christians and Jews felt called upon to come forward and "disavow" any connection with the Kremlin.

The savagery of the attack, and the unprincipled demagoguery exhibited by the committee, stimulated a storm of protest from scores of citizens who descended on the committee during its final session. Senators were besieged for half an hour after adjourning the hearings by persons

criticizing them for their failure to call some sixteen witnesses who had been subpoenaed. Significantly Dr. Goslin was given a standing ovation when he left the stand. The damage had been done, however, the moment the committee arrived in Pasadena. Up to this time, the Board of Education had been wavering but Goslin's resignation was demanded the moment the committee went into action. In retrospect it is clear that Goslin's position could have been saved by timely civic action but, hypnotized by the opposition's demagoguery, the chance was lost. As a consequence, the first significant postwar attack on public education has been successful and similar attacks will now be launched in other communities. The ouster of Goslin was a victory for Allen Zoll, with credit for a minor assist to the members of a committee of the California State Senate—his unwitting collaborators. The record of this ugly episode should be carefully studied by those who believe that public education geared to democratic objectives should be defended.

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BEFORE WORLD WAR II—it is a little difficult nowadays to keep our wars properly numbered—some 4,500 Negroes lived in San Francisco; today there are 55,000 in the city. Recently Dick Hemp of the San Francisco *Chronicle* reported, in a series of interesting articles, on the present status of these wartime migrants. The articles, as one might expect, do not make pleasant reading. "A dark cloud of discrimination hangs over the heads of San Francisco's 55,000 Negroes." With business booming, the Negroes show a 37 per cent unemployment rate compared with a rate of 8 per cent for the whites. "No colored need apply," in job stipulations, is a sharp economic barrier, reports Mr. Hemp, from "Fillmore Street to Hunters Point." One of the outstanding exceptions is the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, nearly

a fourth of whose members are Negroes. Exact figures cannot be given, in fact, for the simple reason that the union refuses to list the race of a member for any purpose. Hemmed in by Jim Crow, unable to expand out of the ghetto district, nearly half of the Negro employables are without work; hence it is not surprising that Negro crime rates should be high. "Bookie parlors and crap games do big business and the operators are getting well to do. These are just about the only Negroes who are doing extremely well financially." Between Fillmore and Laguna, Post Street in San Francisco is probably one of the biggest concentrations of dope peddling in California. This is due in no small measure to the fact that a war-minded Congress has cut the number of narcotic agents to a minimum. Narcotics sift up from Mexico without too much opposition and the market, in the area, is good. It is not surprising, therefore, that the San Francisco press, in the last year, should have been full of stories about narcotic rings, conspiracies, dope peddling, and bribery.

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OF THE STORIES REFERRED TO ABOVE, none is more interesting than the story told by William J. Harmon, supervising customs agent in El Paso, in the course of the trial of two Chinese-Americans charged in San Francisco with possession of narcotics. Back in 1944, one Yee Pan, also known as Pancho, sent two Mexican women across the border from Mexico to make a large delivery of narcotics in Newark. Federal agents arrested the two women after the delivery and took some \$24,000 from them. Later, in 1946, Harmon sent for Pancho and promised to release the \$24,000 if Pancho would cooperate in the capture of certain Chinese dope peddlers on this side the border. After deducting a sum for unpaid income taxes, the balance of the fund was actually released to Pancho who cooper-

ated nicely with the agents in setting up certain arrests. In still another case, involving one Fook Kong, Harmon testified that he had delivered \$6,200 to Pancho in Juarez which represented the purchase price of certain opium which had been used in setting up the case against the unfortunate Fook Kong. This insight into government purchases of opium from Mexican dealers in order to be able to set up arrests on this side the border raises some interesting legal and moral issues . . . The point, however, is simply this: that San Francisco is the west coast center for the traffic in narcotics because the market there has greatly expanded. One of the reasons for this expansion is to be found in the influx of a large number of new residents who are kept in a kind of stagnant, dead-end, underworld which breeds the feeling, in some, that they simply can't endure the depressing and grim reality of being a Negro in San Francisco; for these people, narcotics are an escape to a fantasy world in which they no doubt manage to escape from the feelings which oppress them.

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ANTI-SEMITES were quite active in the pre-November campaign in some areas of the West. In Colorado, the "Anti-Communist League," directed by the well-known Kenneth Goff, issued 30,000 leaflets smearing Congressman John Carroll as a "red" (Carroll was opposing Senator Eugene Millikin). Copies of the pamphlet were distributed at G. O. P. meetings at Denver, Lamar, Greeley, Lakewood, and other areas and copies were also available in at least one G. O. P. county headquarters. Goff's wife said that the pamphlets were distributed "through our own organization and through organizations that want them." The demand was apparently good. It is interesting to note that similar material was used in the successful campaign to oust Senator Elbert D. Thomas in Utah. The Repub-

licans disclaimed responsibility in both cases. As I pointed out in the last West Coast Letter, Gerald L. K. Smith campaigned in both California and Colorado for Republican candidates.

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WHEN THE UNITED NATIONS FLAG was raised over the Los Angeles City Hall on October 17th, a hundred or more hecklers—mostly women—screamed and yelled their protests and marched back and forth in front of the speakers platform with signs carrying such sentiments as: "The U. N. was conceived in the brain of Alger Hiss, the traitor." Taking over most of the seats reserved for spectators and several of the rows reserved for "distinguished guests," the hecklers kept up a constant howl of protest. Once the ceremony was over, they rushed to the platform, got possession of the microphone for a time, and screamed abusive remarks at the officials. One of the speakers said that the U. N. flag was the flag of "international financiers." One of the ladies making up the delegation was Mrs. Virginia Mitchell, vice-president of the Los Angeles Women's Republican Study Club. The Marine band drowned out most of the speeches. Following the failure to take over the meeting, the hecklers adjourned to another section of the city hall grounds for their own meeting. There State Senator Jack B. Tenney told them: "I am behind you all the way." The entire ceremony, at the city hall steps, was recorded for overseas broadcasts; it will doubtless make interesting listening—unless the screams and rebel yells are somehow dubbed out.

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FROM *The New Yorker* of December 30, 1950 (p. 14), I learn that the Chinese delegates at Lake Success, after visiting Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Roger Peet, McCutcheon's, and several camera shops,

in an all-day shopping spree before returning to China, made a final stop at the Columbia University Bookstore where they purchased a copy of my new book, *Witch Hunt*. Friends have been accusing me, of course, of working nights on some top-level plotting to bring off such a stunt as this. Anticipating Senator Jack B. Tenney's curiosity, I have made up a little story to account for the appearance of this item. To arrange items of this kind, one must know the telephone number of a certain VIP in the Kremlin. First you speak to him. Then he relays your request to Mao Tse-tung who, in turn, phones the delegates in New York. Now if there is

any doubt in your mind that this is the way it is done, may I suggest that, when your book comes out, you just pick up the receiver and place that one key call...

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ALTHOUGH THE VOTERS OF ARIZONA turned down an anti-segregation law in the November election, sentiment against segregation seems to be growing in the state. On November 24th, federal district Judge Dave W. Ling issued an order directing the Tolleson School Board to cease segregating Mexican-American youngsters in the schools.



Based on Painting "Song of Songs"

EDITH HELLMAN

"The watchmen that go about the city found me,
They smote me, they wounded me;
The keepers of the walls took away
my mantle from me."

Chap. 5, Verse 7.

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

The American Mind, by Henry Steele Commager. Yale University Press. 476 pp. \$5.00.

Professor Commager characterizes his book as "An Interpretation of American Thought and Character Since the 1880's." This is a large order if the job is to be more than superficial. The cultural historian must be well read in many and diverse fields. A fine selectivity must be exercised in the choice among too copious materials if the commentary is not to be unduly long.

Professor Commager is clearly at home in a wide range of reading—social and political science, law, philosophy, and, among the arts, literature and architecture and, to some extent, painting. Of his evaluation of individual writers and artists there will be varying opinions. The reviewer cannot himself share Professor Commager's admiration for Willa Cather, whose popularity is evidence of the conventional and sentimental character of American taste in literature—or so, at any rate, a dissenting minority asserts. But this is by the way. Acceptance of Professor Commager's appraisal of the American mind and character will not turn upon minor points of disagreement.

Two basic and related ideas are all that can be touched upon in a brief review but these central to the book's purpose: how greatly have the ideas of Darwin, Spencer, Henry Adams, Lester Ward, John Dewey, Parrington, Beard, Turner, Holmes, Brandeis, and Thorsten Veblen—to name the chief germinal thinkers of the period—affected American thought and conduct? And what now, in 1950, is the character of the American?

These are, in a sense, unanswerable questions. The cultural historian can but venture an opinion and endeavor to justify

it by citations from selected evidence. Being a bookish man, one whose business it is to deal with ideas, he is forever prone to exaggerate the influence which ideas exert upon the majority of men and the swiftness with which ideas generated at the top of mankind, seep to the inarticulate mass beneath. Professor Commager is not unaware of this danger but I am not sure that he gives it sufficient weight. That ideas do percolate from above and in time determine the conduct and ideals of vast numbers of men is, I believe, true; but the rate of dissemination is slower than we like to admit; thus the belief in and practice of witchcraft or something equally primitive may persist three centuries after Newton.

What then is the nature of American thought and character today? The answer must be largely determined by the choice of the American or group of Americans from whom the answer is sought. We live on various time levels, from that of the Stone Age to that of the Promethean Utopia. It is a fact too little recognized in our social appraisals though we do not theoretically contest it. Practical politicians and policemen have a better grasp of its reality than have the intellectuals and the cultured minority. It has always been so, for we traditionally judge the age of Pericles by its great philosophers and artists, Plato and Praxiteles as instances, rather than by the slave base upon which Athenian society rested.

It is almost impossible, then, to determine the character of the present day American, still less the thought of the American, if this "thought" is to include the opinions and prejudices of the ninety percent of citizens of diverse origins, environment, and culture who are largely inarticulate. At this vast majority the advertising man directs his propaganda

and the yellow newspaper its headlines. These are your best social psychologists and even they are wrong more often than right. *Abie's Irish Rose* succeeded fabulously despite the criticisms of all dramatic reviewers. It seemed impossible that so bad a play could be so popular. On the other hand it is said that the Hearst papers have underestimated the popular intelligence of those readers who graduate from the yellow press and go on to better things.

Professor Commager in his concluding comments on "The Twentieth Century American" noncommittally puts a series of questions rather than passing judgments or venturing prophecies; such questions as these: "They had created an economy of abundance; could they fashion a political mechanism to assure the equitable distribution of that abundance? They had become the richest people on the globe; would they use their wealth to prosper society or to display power? They were democratic in law; would they be democratic in fact? They were equalitarian by conviction; would they be equalitarian in conduct?"

These are questions to be answered in accordance with one's personal philosophy and the state of one's digestion, bearing in mind that justice and equality never have wholly prevailed anywhere at any time and that the democracy which we profess has been and is more an aspiration than an achievement. The reviewer, in pessimistic mood, concludes with three current instances of failure, two domestic and one foreign.

When, some time ago, President Truman requested big business to keep prices down in order to head off inflation, U. S. Steel responded affably by *raising* prices; and when, more recently, the same corporation yielded to its striking employees, a second sharp advance in prices more than compensated for the rise of wages. The consumers, you and I and the rest of us, pay the freight.

The foreign instance is perhaps more ominous, for we are habituated to the extortions of monopolists. Our occupation of Germany and our purported de-Nazi-fication of the Germans is a complete failure as reported by the best observers. Again big industry, indifferent to all considerations but its own profit, is dealing with the old German industrialists who supported Hitler. New cartels are in the making, and new wars are to be antici-

pated. Finance and big business have no morals and no patriotism. The twentieth century American may well be dismayed as he looks at the future. Will the state succeed in dominating monopolies, cartels, and the banking power? Or will these extend their hegemony even further and in their greed and stupidity bring the world to destruction in some world-wide conflict in which blind Sampson buries us all, the just and the unjust alike, beneath the rubble of our factories and our banks?

CARL H. GRABO

Witch Hunt: The Revival of Heresy, by Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown and Company. 361 pp. \$3.50.

Witch Hunt is a courageous and timely volume. In the face of the prevailing hysteria against communism, which enables the McCarthys and the McCarrans to vitiate our traditional freedoms and besmirch the reputations of nonconformers, Carey McWilliams has performed a truly patriotic service by his critical analysis of the nature and consequences of the present witch hunt. Forthright and outspoken, he throws the light of reason upon the agitation against communism, the clamor for loyalty oaths, the fanatical search for subversives, and the victimization of those who refuse to bow before the idol of strict conformity. These anti-democratic acts, he demonstrates, are in truth not defensive measures against the alleged communist enemies but hysterical assaults upon nonconformity similar in character to the Catholic Inquisition, the Salem witch hangings, and the English persecution of Catholics. (Jews, of course, have experienced such acts of intolerance throughout the ages and in nearly every land.) "Witch hunting," according to McWilliams, "is a form of social madness based on delusions which are paranoiac."

The shock troops of the witch hunt consist mainly of three small but extremely vocal groups: the superpatriots who preen their petty and perverted egos in warped self-righteousness; the political demagogues, in and out of office, who are ever eager to make capital out of social intolerance; and the fanatical former communists who seek to expiate their subversive past by incriminating every dissident who refuses to debauch his principles. These haters of nonconformity, abetted by sensational newspapers and unscrupulous radio commentators, have

in the past five years ridden roughshod over the Bill of Rights and have employed totalitarian methods of intimidation and character assassination in the presumed effort to save our democracy from its alleged enemies. Their vicious antics are in this book exposed with devastating effectiveness.

Because our colleges and schools are most vulnerable to the attacks of self-styled patriots, McWilliams deals at length with the heresy hunts in our educational institutions. The sensationally treated case of Hans Freistadt, the brilliant graduate student who was deprived of an AEC fellowship when he was discovered to be a communist, is shown to have caused Congress to adopt "a political means test for American education at its higher scientific levels"—thus forcing political control over scientific research and driving many scientists from government service. A detailed review of the violations of academic freedom and tenure in the Universities of Washington and California, Oregon State College, and the New York City schools reveals that the dismissals of teachers were made not on evidence of subversive behavior in the classroom but on the basis of some form

of political dissidence. In his discussion of the California case McWilliams declares: "The crisis at Berkeley is not over affirmations of loyalty but over abjurations of heresy, the current insistence upon which amounts to a form of noonday madness The cause of the crisis is to be found not in the fear of heresy so much as in the fear of the manipulation of this fear." The consequence of these academic heresy hunts is a marked deterioration of independent inquiry of the part of teachers—not to mention the suffering of the persecuted dissidents.

McWilliams rightly excoriates the college and school administrators who pander to the demagogues in the legislatures. He analyzes their words and deeds to show their betrayal of the democratic principles which they profess to cherish and defend. By way of contrast he dwells on the forth-right and aggressive action of Presidents Hutchins and Sparling when their institutions were attacked by members of the Illinois legislature. Hutchins did not cringe before the Broyles Commission; on the contrary, he put it on the defensive by insisting that the principles of democracy were paramount. "The University," he summed up, "does not believe that an individual should be penalized for other acts than his own. The University believes that if a man is to be punished he should be punished for what he does and not for what he belonged to or for those with whom he has associated."

Witch Hunt is a trenchant discussion of the hysteria now afflicting our nation. It analyzes its pathological origin, describes the virulent symptoms, and indicates an effective remedy. One need not agree with everything assumed or asserted by the author to feel grateful to him for his courage to speak out and his insight to perceive the roots of our national malady. One can only hope that his book will help us to throw off the paranoiac fear motivating our hysteria and clear our minds for the task of peace-making before us.

CHARLES A. MADISON

WITCH HUNT: *The Revival of Heresy* by CAREY McWILLIAMS

Author of

A Mask For Privilege

Brothers Under The Skin

and other books

"I have read *WITCH HUNT* and am very glad about its existence. Let me congratulate the author as well as the publisher on the publication of this courageous work which, I hope, will be read by a great many Americans."

—THOMAS MANN.

At All Bookstores — \$3.50

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

BOSTON

Thirty-three Candles, by David Horowitz. World Union Press. 506 pp. \$3.50.

In an age of self-alienation and harrowing doubt, man has once more begun to look for absolutes, having been sorely disillusioned by complaisant relativisms.

Hence he often seeks to escape to the certitudes of traditional faiths or to mechanized, streamlined totalitarianisms, be they red, black, or brown. *Thirty-three Candles* is the autobiography of a Jew, David Horowitz, in search of the absolute God of Moses' Torah. It is a suspenseful story of ceaseless questing, full of spiritual adventures, culminating in the rediscovery of Yahweh through the mystic Moses Guibbory whose Bible "research" is to complete the task of the great Lawgiver on Sinai.

Born in Malmö, Sweden, David Horowitz reached the shores of America in 1914. Of a mystic bent from his earliest years, he soon realized that it would be impossible for him to live a "normal" life; he must rather set out to find the God whose Presence he had so keenly felt at the age of ten on the ship that was bearing him to the States. At fifteen he ran away from home to embark on his mission. After years of toil here and in Palestine, David at last found what his heart hungered for. A mysterious latter-day prophet, Moses Guibbory, convinced Horowitz that he was indeed a second Moses in possession of the only true interpretation of the Bible, which, when published, will bring salvation to a convulsed world. In a solemn ceremony, complete with the sacrifice of doves and the sounding of the shofar, David was anointed by Guibbory. Thus: "This is the David spoken of in Ezekiel and in other places of the Bible as the Prince of Israel and Judah."

To Horowitz was entrusted the Herculean task of translating into English the massive work of Guibbory, *The Bible In The Hands of Its Creators*, and of finding a publisher for it in the U. S. *Thirty-three Candles* does not impress the reader as a hoax or as the self-delusion of a gull. The book is instinct with an authentic faith, so that one cannot question the sincerity of his pronouncement:

The Holy Land Word which had been placed in my hands to publish was . . . a final revelation of all the secrets concealed in the Bible. It would sweep away all the contradictions and confusions of the entire religious world. It would declare to groping man all the generations from the beginning. . . . It would bring to life the lost ten tribes of Israel. It would, above all, declare final salvation to man and sound the trumpet of the advent of a man of God on earth. . . . It would give new hope to millions of seekers. It was the unfinished work of Moses

the First; the word of Jehovah God revealed. It was the message of Zion of this age to a world in confusion. It offered the only road to life and happiness and security and true liberty and lasting peace—the final message of God to man. Such was the scope and greatness . . . of the mission that had been placed upon me as sealed and signed through the anointing ceremony.

The rest of the story, dealing with Horowitz's efforts to raise funds for publication and his final success, reads like good fiction. He was able to enlist a group of devoted disciples of the "Prophet," including the late Boake Carter. The latter became a fervent believer in the doctrines that the English, Irish, Scotch, and the Scandinavians are the ten lost tribes of Israel. Even after Horowitz had been shamefully betrayed by Guibbory, his faith remained unshaken, and he continued to believe in him as a second Moses whose book was "the blueprint of life." After his expulsion from The Society of the Bible in the Hands of Its Creators, Horowitz founded The United Israel World Union, "an Institution which was destined to serve as a medium for the unification of all the families of Jacob under Mosaic Law." Horowitz still edits the lively, pseudo-learned organ of the movement, *United Israel Bulletin*, modestly subtitled *A Universal Magazine*.

One need not subscribe to the greatness of the Guibbory "Bible" or to the picturesque, if aberrant, Anglo-Israel doctrine in order to enjoy *Thirty-three Candles*. It is an absorbing tale of an individual's search for spiritual certitude in an age of split atoms and split personalities, and as such it constitutes an arresting tract for our parlous times. Under the spell of Horowitz's impassioned mysticism, the reader assumes what Coleridge aptly terms "a willing suspension of disbelief," emphasizing the author's God-searching experience. This enables the God-intoxicated mystic to approach the realm of art, where factual accuracy is of little import.

MAURICE M. SHUDOFKY

The Emergence of Lincoln, by Allan Nevins. Volumes I and II. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$12.50.

Sometimes a reviewer wishes for more and better adjectives to characterize the book on which he is to report. This is one of these rare times, because whatever adjectives I can think of, no matter how flattering, they will not do Nevins' latest work full justice.

Despite the title, Lincoln himself is not the hero of these two volumes, for he emerges only in the late chapters. During the years prior to 1860 the American stage is peopled with Buchanan, Douglas and many other men of prominence, with Douglas playing the principal role, striving for a moderate course and the maintenance of national unity. Under Nevins' masterful treatment the Little Giant grows into a heroic figure, as he subordinates personal ambition to the defense of his principles. Fighting simultaneously on two fronts, against the Democratic Administration and his Republican opponents, he keeps up the hopeless battle to the very end, although convinced that his cause is a losing one. This drama stands out splendidly by itself, interwoven though it is with a wealth of other stirring events and episodes.

The story of John Brown, his raid into Virginia, and its impact on the national structure are presented with a clarity and force never attained before. As in all other instances, the author is painstaking in his effort to make the reader see both sides of the argument. With meticulous impartiality he puts each issue under a magnifying glass and shows how it looked to Southern and Northern observers. With few exceptions he neither condemns nor praises, but instead lets contemporary views pass before one's eyes. As a result the events which ensued explain themselves without much editorial help. The Lincoln-Douglas debates are reported with absolute fairness, also with a discreet omission of unessential details. Nevins always hews to the straight line in spite of all extraneous matter; it is one of his greatest gifts.

Incredible as it seems, all the characters whom Nevins introduces are pictured in such sharp silhouettes that they remain indelibly impressed on the reader's mind. There is Jefferson Davis, intelligent but narrow-mindedly irritable, Slidell, bold and scheming, the hotheads Yancey and Rhett, two trouble-makers not very highly esteemed even by their own partisans, but powerful nevertheless. On the Northern side we meet the implacable Stephens, the unpredictable Forney, and a host of abolitionists, some high-grade, some mediocre, some despicable. In between stand the moderates, such as the venerable Crittenden, who believed to the last moment that the war could be avoided. Around the compromise which he offered

the great mass of people rallied, and their opinion, had they been able to express it in a plebiscite, might have stayed the hands of the warmongers. But the politicians kept things in their own hands, the vacillating President did nothing, and Lincoln remained aloof, believing that everything he might do would only hasten the conflict. And so all efforts for peace failed, and the catastrophic war began.

The mass of documents, letters and newspapers through which Nevins has dug for his evidence is almost unbelievable in its magnitude. Only his extraordinary literary skill keeps the readers from becoming confused, especially in view of the frequent footnotes which otherwise would detract their minds, already burdened with names and personalities. But the story rolls on smoothly, intelligibly, and in the end breathlessly, as the chasm between the two sections widens and the tragic climax approaches.

In this writer's opinion *The Emergence of Lincoln* is one of the great historical books written in recent times.

OTTO EISENSCHIML

A Treasury of Jewish Folksong. Selected and edited by Ruth Rubin. Piano settings by Ruth Post. Schocken Books. 224 pp. \$4.50.

Famous Musicians of Jewish Origin. Gdal Saleski. Bloch Pub. Co. 716 pp. \$8.50.

In one sense *A Treasury of Jewish Folksong* is a complement of the Cooper-smith-collection. Where the latter consists principally of Hebrew, liturgical, and Israeli materials, the former includes mainly Yiddish, secular, and diaspora songs. Mrs. Rubin is not only active as a folk singer, but has also done some critical writing in the field of Jewish folksong. In this collection each of the large sections and several individual songs are prefaced by interesting and pertinent explanations, of particular value for those who have had no previous contact with or understanding of the backgrounds of the various songs.

The one hundred and ten selections are grouped as Cradle Songs, Children's Songs, Love Songs, Songs of Life and Work, Holiday Songs, Partisan Songs, and Songs of Israel.

Of the four Partisan Songs, tortured cries from out of Hitler's hell, the texts, far more than the music, convey the spirit

PAGE(S)

MISSING

The Jews of Charleston. By Charles Reznikoff, with the collaboration of Uriah Z. Engelman. Jewish Publication Society of America. 343 pp., illustrations. \$4.00.

The Jews of Charleston when they learned to celebrate two hundred years of vibrant and dynamic Jewish history wanted a two-field book. They wanted an authentic, well-documented history. They also wanted a book which every Charlestonian would read with pleasure and every American Jew would be proud to own.

One of their purposes was admirably fulfilled. The authors, Reznikoff and Engelman, spared no effort in research. They have combed the documents, minute-books, wills, newspapers and periodicals. They talked with Charleston Jews of every background and affiliation. They visited institutions and reconstructed their histories. They followed genealogical trails. They read tombstone inscriptions and traced the faded and illegible papers of bygone days. Their notes are a treasure trove for other scholars. Here as a matter of fact are interred the finest anecdotes and the most interesting insights into situation and character. The amount of payment to the fighting preacher, Abraham Alexander, of Revolutionary War days. How Sheftall of Georgia carried money and provisions to captured prisoners aboard the CAROLINA PACKETT. How the Tobias family sold land for a Synagogue. Of a Negro member of the Congregation Beth Elohim who worried about not being buried among his white co-religionists. About a tablet in memory of Penina Moïse which became a matter of controversy. Of a converted Jew who wrote a paper in the mid-nineteenth century titled "A Conjectural Inquiry Into the Relative Influence of the Mind and Stomach"—thus anticipating psychosomatic medicine. And of J. M. Seixas who was master of the workhouse in 1802 and Lewis Gomez who was turnkey of the jail. There is an editorial of the Charleston Times of 1800 protesting the fact that another contributor to the paper "wantonly asperses the Hebrew nation."

There is an open letter to an anti-semitic which rises to noble heights of eloquence: "Would you honor me? Call me Jew. Would you place in unenviable prominence your unchristian prejudices and narrow bigotry? Call me Jew." A

touching and sentimental plea in a will of Deborah Moses of Charleston, poignant and resigned, says: "I request that no pomp or parade whatever be exhibited over my last remains. . . . To be forgotten is the lot of all I therefore require no mark of outward woe lay the earth quietly and with respect on me . . . the dead receive sufficient honor in being called to face their God."

Yes, the making of a great book is here. The authors have done their preliminary work well. But there is little in the body of the text to reflect their comprehension of the drama and the struggle, the zest and the pathos, the glory and the boredom of Charleston's existence over two centuries. That is why the Jews of Charleston feel that the task is not completed. That is why they say wistfully that the book should be rewritten and that the painstaking authors whose purpose was to recreate a community should try once more to use the wealth of material they have so conscientiously unearthed, to breathe upon it, to let it come to life. Charles Reznikoff is a poet. He can do the job. It needs to be done. The Jews of America will share with the Jews of Charleston the salute which such a work will call forth. It is not too late. Charleston Jewry is facing its third century. There is time. There is always time for creative history. There will be readers. There will always be readers to read what is written with passion and conviction, with sincerity and dedication.

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The Plenipotentiaries, by H. J. Kaplan. Harpers. 242 pp. \$3.00.

"We are strangers in our country, and its plenipotentiaries." In these few words of Phineas W. Strauss, the aging American newspaperman who is narrator of the story, H. J. Kaplan sums up the basic theme of his first novel.

Despite the emphasis which Kaplan gives to this thesis, however, there is more to be found in this chronicle of a few months in the lives of a few Americans in Paris. As a matter of fact, the searching reader is often led to wonder whether the emphasis has not been misplaced, for in the course of the novel other pertinent questions are raised and left unanswered.

The main thread of the narrative concerns the situation of Tony and his fiancée Pat, two young American tourists in Paris. Tony has come to study art, and Pat has come to be with Tony, and also, although this is only implied, to bring some order to her confused mind. Each has failed to find intellectual or artistic satisfaction in America. Pat, who has already confusedly dabbled in political theories in college, becomes an ardent crusader for some small, super-Left, anti-Communist organization called the Libertarians. Tony persuades Pierre Tarski, master of a new school of French painters, to accept him as a pupil. The involvement of Pat and Tony in the lives of Pierre and his wife, Marie—Tony becomes Marie's love, and Pierre Pat's—and their eventual disillusionment, provides the warp of the book's fabric.

The filling, the woof of the cloth, are, first of all, old Phineas himself, and secondly, Boggs, another American, who seeks in Europe membership in the aristocratic society of titled nobility which he could never have in America.

Phineas has been living in Paris for many years, and has created for himself a prominent position in the world of letters by means of a weekly column which he writes for some American Sunday supplement. He is, however, contemptuous of the trivia which he writes in order to earn his livelihood. He has for some time promised himself that he will write a book, to show the true Paris, the Paris he knows. Better yet, he will write a column for his paper, one day, which will be a new and striking departure from the hackneyed accounts which his editors demand. Some day . . . but in the meantime he continues to write his weekly stint in the same old vein.

Boggs, the snob, the boot-licker of titles, proposes to publish a literary and art review for which he solicits Phineas' assistance. He also secures the efforts of three other young Americans in Paris: a poet, a Jew and a Lesbian.

And here we have one of the vital questions Kaplan raises, and which he fails to either discuss sufficiently or to answer fully. For these three assistants of Boggs are never described more adequately than by those three terms—a poet, a Jew, and a Lesbian. In Phineas' mind they represent three groups of Americans who have never felt at home

in their country. Thus the poet, according to Kaplan, can never feel himself a part of America. The Jew—any Jew, all Jews—can never consider himself other than a stranger in our land. These are questions meriting at least considerable discussion. They should not be tossed off lightly, disposed of casually. But, beyond a brief mention in two sections of the book, no thought is given to them. If they were valueless, why raise them at all? If they merit mention, they merit thought.

There is another question, too, which rises in the mind of the reader. Mr. Kaplan, by this book, proposes to study the reaction of Paris upon certain Americans as well as the reaction of those Americans upon Paris. But what of the Paris he describes? Are Pierre and Marie Tarski, who have lived through the occupation of Paris by the Nazis and the terrors of Buchenwald, only to become a dissolute and neurotic pair who have lost all cultural and intellectual values, who live and move, as though in a dream world, from one extra-marital affair to another, representative of Paris today? And is there no constructive political thinking in France today? Are there only political crackpots?

It is these unanswered questions which appreciably lessen the quality of this book. Mr. Kaplan, whose reputation as a short story writer was established before the war in *Partisan Review* and *New Directions*, has undeniable literary talent. His writing is smooth-flowing, his dialogue is often extremely clever, and there are bits of genuine humor in the book which do credit to the author's agile mind. But, in peopling his novel with only the ill and the chronically malcontent he has destroyed the possibility of giving his characters the representative quality they would need to make his study valid in any real sense. His characters are neither representative of their countries nor of their groups. They are only representative of sick and disillusioned people who can find only sickness and disillusionment about them. The lack of any mention of a single constructive element in the entire social and political structure of France today makes this simply a study of mal-adjusted people in a narrow, dissolute world, and as such it is a far cry from the classical works on Americans abroad to which this book has been compared.

PHOEBE L. FRIEDMAN

